World Review

INCORPORATING REVIEW OF REVIEWS

EDITED BY EDWARD HULTON

'Questions of nutrition shall not be neglected.' *See Films as Propaganda, page 39*

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Thinking Aloud . . .

By EDWARD HULTON

PROTECT OUR AIRFIELDS!

As I write Singapore has not yet fallen. Britain must not fall! Airfields have been going down like ninepins in Malaya. What about our airfields here at home? If I were the Fuehrer I don't mind saying I should be sorely tempted to have a crack at them with a general scheme of invasion. It would be child's play. Did I say child's play? Yes! Some twelve- and fourteen-year-old boys had no difficulty at all in breaking into one of these dromes and stealing the contents of several planes. And it was the very aerodrome from which two escaped Nazi prisoners had recently been able to fly off. An M.P. has also told us how he was able to get into an aerodrome without let or hindrance. But cases are legion. One gets some astounding letters from the more conscientious men stationed at these places.

HONEST DOUBT

From time to time we are told that the whole scheme of defence is being refurbished. Now we are told about a new system of aerodrome defence. I don't want to appear unkind but I still 'hae me doots'. In the first place the details announced are conflicting. Secondly there is still a welter of compromise, complication, and damnable liaison. This sceptred isle may well perish of liaison —or the lack of it. What is wanted is to fix responsibility on the Air Force officer commanding the aerodrome. The actual work of ground defence must be entrusted to the new Air Defence Corps under an officer who is young and capable. The aerodrome, which from the first must be strategically placed for defence purposes, must also be in touch with a highly mobile force of tanks, etc., belonging to the military district and ready to go out at a moment's notice to the aid of any aerodrome attacked. Just as the Navy has its own soldiers (Marines) and airmen (Fleet Air Arm), and the Army has its own little navy, and should have its own air corps, so the Royal Air Force, which already possesses its own miniature navy, must have its own army. This army, which should be styled the 'Air Defence Corps', must be something like a *corps d'élite*. It should be started off with a draft of Marines. The most important thing is that the local officer commanding ground defence should be young, keen and in every way first-class. As the work is bound to prove tedious the personnel should be constantly shifted around on to other jobs. (This applies to all the Forces being bored to death in Britain.) At present many officers supposed to be in charge of ground defence, apart from failure of liaison, are definite duds. The whole scheme will want constant and ruthless supervision by a central officer. I hope our new Liardet is not only good but very good! I gather he has been inspecting aerodromes up to date and attacking inefficiency. I could wish he had been rather more successful in his attacks.

ARMCHAIR TRIUMPH

I THINK there ought to be a great deal less laughter now about armchair critics. It is the armchair critics who all these months have been struggling to get better airfield defence. After reviewing the many inglorious exploits of our 'active' generals I am inclined to back the Armchair Brigade, which I suppose could be said to include brilliant men like the unheeded ex-General Fuller, and the more enterprising of our journalists. After all a journalist couldn't hold his job at all unless he were pretty intelligent and, what is essential in modern war, open to new ideas. It will hardly be contended that our most brilliant intellects have been wont to stray into the British Army, whose watchword has long been a rigid conservatism and formalism successfully rivalling that of ancient China. Just as we have a chair of this and that at our Universities, I am not sure that we ought not to have an 'Armchair of Military Science'.

BRITAIN OR LIBYA?

I WONDER if, through our messy inefficiency, we are not tying up a vast number of men and machines in Britain when a few more men and machines would make all the difference in Libya. If the Nazis cannot be contained by the Russians and the fighters of Libya and break out into Africa, then things will look very black indeed.

A POINTER

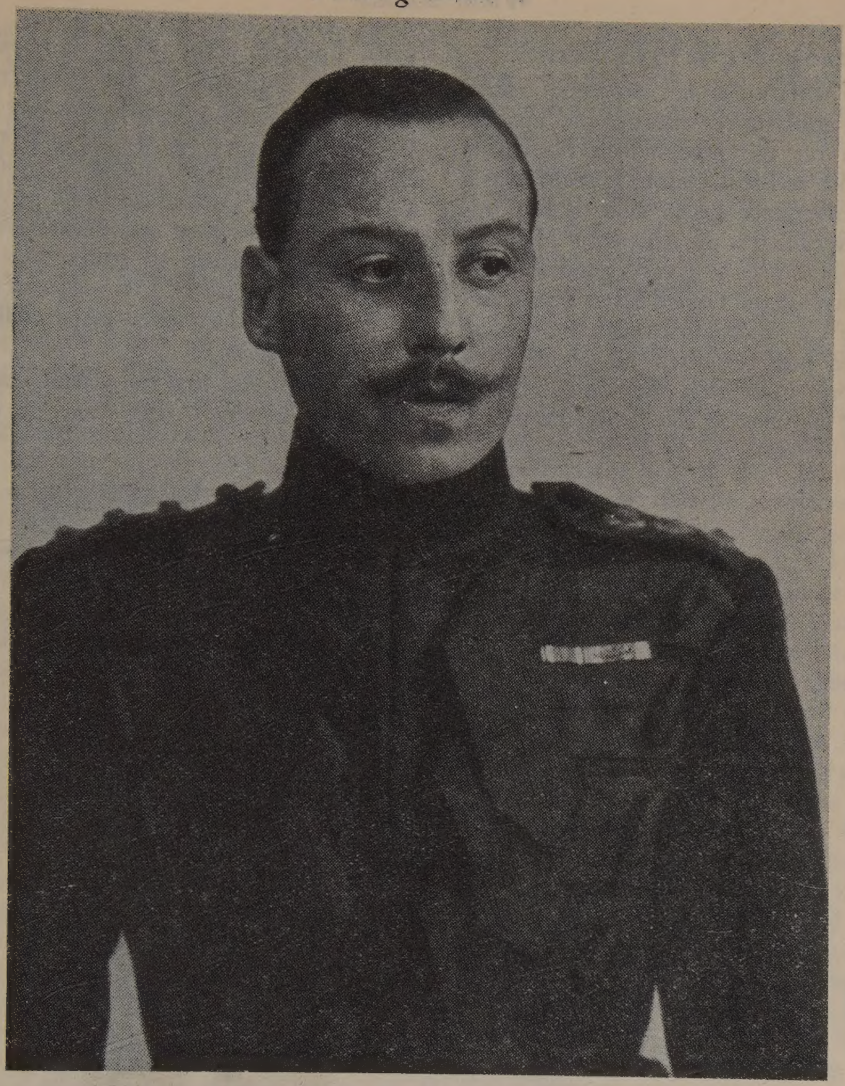
IT is amazing how the Nazis changed their tactics in Russia actually from week to week—and may continue to do so. Some weeks ago a new Nazi assault gun, mounted on caterpillars, was noted on the Russian front. It was being used to support the infantry assault parties. It has since appeared on the sands of Libya. It can move as fast as a tank and can take part in a tank battle. Of course it is infinitely more powerful than a tank's guns. Some of our military spokesmen have scarce been able to control their irritation at its unorthodox exploits. You see it is unsporting enough always to point in the right direction. Whereas it is a sacred tradition of British artillery that it should be attached to a gun carriage so that it points in the wrong direction.

COMMANDO

IT is refreshing to learn about the exploits of our Commandos—I don't know why Evelyn Waugh had to inform us that it was a Portuguese word and leave it at that. Our gallant enemies the Boers made the word live for ever in the annals of military history. Brigadier Charles Haydon of the Irish Guards, who commanded the soldiers at Vaagso, has been more or less the real head of the Commandos since the beginning. With something of the appearance of an old-time cavalier, he has everything which makes a man a leader of men, besides having the necessary guts and brain. He is still young. We could have a worse future C.I.G.S. His worst fault is that he has the most profound horror of publicity.

OF HUMAN FRAILTY

IT is pleasant to reflect that even Nazis sometimes nod. When our Commandos made their attack the telephone bell rang on the small island of Maaloy. At the other end of the line was the battery commander's batman engaged in cleaning—or possibly licking—his master's boots. 'To hell with the thing,' he shouted, and proceeded with the spit and polish. A Naval Officer on this island, who also received a warning, instead of



BRIGADIER CHARLES HAYDON
The Irish Guards. Commando leader and future C.I.G.S.

informing the battery commander, filled with zeal for his own service, rushed off to report to his superior naval officer. Ordered to return at once to inform the battery commander, he had to try to get back to him by rowing himself in a small boat. The guns of the battery did not speak. The young naval officer arrived back just in time to be taken into custody. Sometimes I think that the batman at the end of this telephone has a lesson for the mute insensate domestic worker so often to be discovered at the end of our magic speaking tubes.

PRODUCTION FORGOTTEN?

MR. CHURCHILL'S speeches have added nobly to the effect of the Japanese punch on the nose which has made America at last a Union. It really was a fine experience to be able to hear his voice speaking at the American 'National Christmas Tree'—a very good idea by the way—in the United States Senate and in the Canadian Parliament. I do hope he has not forgotten all about Production. One feels he dislikes these sordid engineering details. In the meantime, however, *The Times* newspaper has joined the ranks of the Production critics. Those of us who know that we have got to get a move on are anxiously waiting the return of Stafford Cripps, a man who unites incredible brain power, energy, and integrity and disinterestedness. It was ghastly to realise that in Churchill's absence the governance of this country lay in the palsied gripe of little Attlee. (*See cover.*)

Is it wonderful that the attendance in the Chamber for Attlee's speech was

SIR STAFFORD CRIPPS

The first man to persuade the Russians of our good intentions. Not only our greatest legal brain but a first class scientist. In the last war ran a vast munitions factory at the age of 24. Fully conversant with commerce and industrial matters. Able to earn £30,000 a year, he is one of the few men who have made great financial sacrifices for their ideals

meagre and exiguous? I heard Churchill tell the American Congress that he was the servant of Parliament. This has not been his attitude of late at Westminster. Critics are becoming more and more unwelcome to the Government.

NO BROOKE-POPERY!

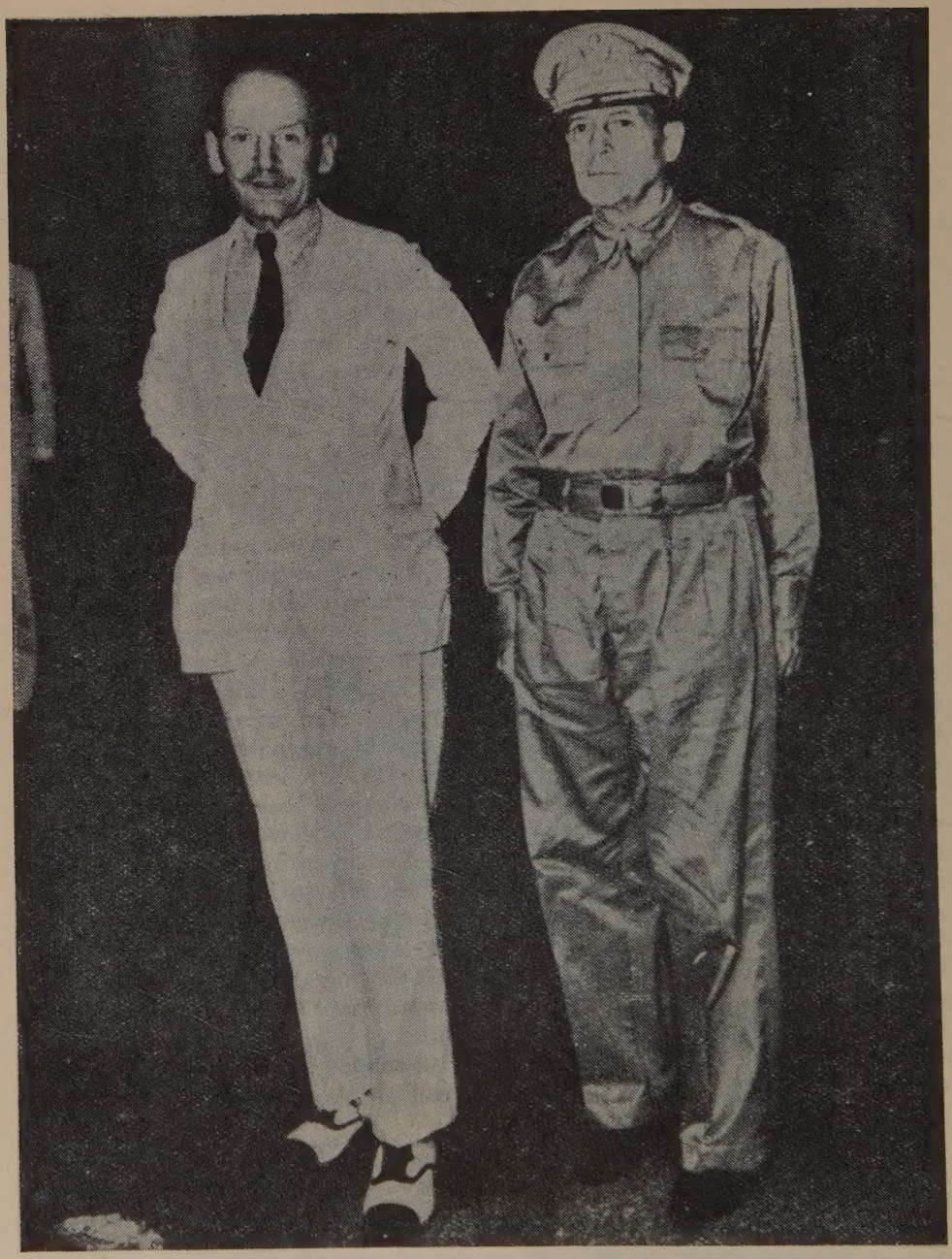
AFTER Crete—Malaya! The Government excuse is that we simply have not got the arms. This is largely true. But why all the super-complacent Pronunciamentos about our strength in this part of the world? Who were the authorities trying to fool by this bombast? The Japanese? They seem to have succeeded merely in fooling themselves, the British public, and the Australian Government. Commonwealth ministers are alleging that misleading information was given to Sir Earle Page, the representative of the Australian Premier, when he was in Singapore. He was told that the position was satisfactory, and that the air defences were extremely good. The Dominions, including Australia, are not blameless. Their contribution to defence has always been extremely meagre and grudging. But the Australians did contribute to the Singapore naval base, and this lack of frankness with their representative is unspeakable. Brooke-Popham seems to have done little more than let off a series of idiotic effusions. Addison's description of him as 'a nincompoop' was almost too flattering. The only fun the Australians have had lately has been their receipt of the news that Duff Cooper has been ordered to pack up his traps. The newsvendors of London also shouted themselves hoarse with joy. I hope that this ultra-class-conscious individual will now be permitted to sink into comparative desuetude.

BACK TO FRONT!

THE trouble with our defences in Malaya was that they were back to front. They envisaged only an attack from the sea. As soon as the Japs had broken into Vichy Indo-China our position was, to say the least of it, revolutionised. Hong Kong became more untenable than ever. It would probably have been better to entrust its defence to the Chinese ages ago. And why lock up a fine body of men there? We did nothing to put the wind up the wretched denizens of 'Thailand'—'land of the free' indeed! We scorned the help of the Chinese in Malaya on the ground that co-operation with Chinese would be a blow at the prestige of the white man. The local leader of the Kuomintang was kept in prison. Where were the Malay Home Guards, guerrilleros, and saboteurs? The Malays are a brave and loyal people, if about as much addicted to slumber as we are ourselves. The numerous Malay sultans don't seem to have been roused from their sleep at all, still less to have turned over the idea of declaring a Mohammedan Holy War. There was little co-operation between the defence services in Malaya and the Civil Service, or between he military and the police, who were about the only people who knew anything about the jungle. (By the way why are the police here not armed?) On top of this the fight seems to have been conducted by the most antique 'linear' method. I am sick of talking about airfields!

SCORCHED EARTH?

A NOTE on scorched earth in Malaya. The *Financial News* heads an interesting article, 'Is Scorched Earth In Malay Worth While?' The article continues, 'The prospect of serious damage to property in Malaya through scorched earth processes, enemy seizure and



SIR HENRY ROBERT MOORE BROOKE-POPHAM

Son of Henry Brooke and Dulcibella Moore. Assumed additional name of Popham by Royal Licence. Assumed our Malayan defences were in order

GENERAL MACARTHUR

Reputed ablest U.S. General. After retirement from U.S. Army made Filipino Field Marshal by President Quezon. Later re-entered U.S. Army

destruction, and from actual conflict in the various zones is now arousing considerable comment in the City. The capture of Malayan raw material resources would not immediately increase the war potential either of Japan or the Axis.' Perhaps the Russians have been making fools of themselves all this time!

THE TRUTH ABOUT KUALA LUMPUR

THE geography of some editors continues bad. The *Daily Sketch* thought that Lower California was in the United States and that Mexican troops were being sent there to assist the United States Army. We are still getting plenty of headlines about 'Malay'. 'Malaya' is the name. It took some papers many days to find out that Kuala Lumpur was the capital of anything. Then they found out that it was the capital of the highly unimportant Federated State of Selangor. The point is that it is the capital of the whole Federated Malay States, and the centre of rail communications, etc. I don't know anything about its being the second city of Malaya. The fact is that the whole government of the F.M.S. is centred there. Singapore is only the centre of Government for the Straits Settlements (Singapore, Penang, Malacca and Labuan). The Unfederated Malay States—Johore, Kedah, Kelantan, Trenganu, Perlis and Brunei—have their own capitals, each with a Sultan and a British Resident. Malaya is, in fact, an example of the extreme complexity of the 'British Colonial Empire'. The Straits Settlements form a 'Crown Colony'. The Federated States form a 'British Protectorate'. The Unfederated States are 'Protected States', slightly more independent and legally sovereign.

COMMERCE

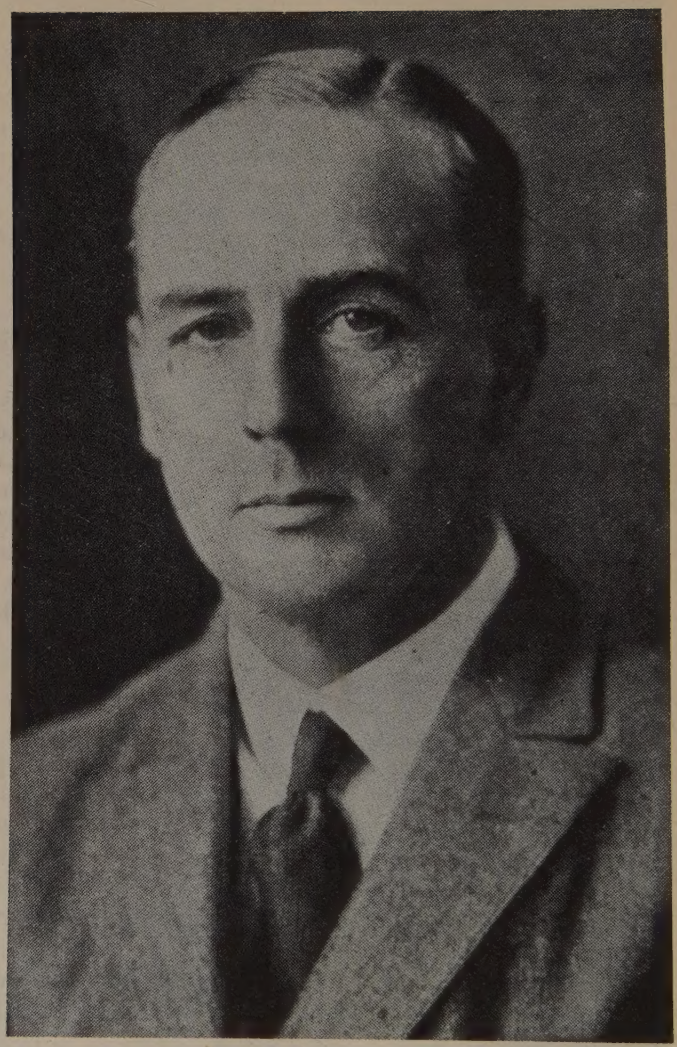
ACTUALLY, except for Pahang Consolidated near the east coast, there is no large tin mine on the eastern side of the great central range of mountains. The State of Perak, in fact, produces over half of the total production of tin. Rubber has also been produced mainly down the western coast. The eastern states were backward and picturesque.

DEPARTMENT OF ANTIQUITIES

I AM afraid our Colonial Office is a sad antiquated affair. One would have thought that an independent talented young man like Lord Ava would have pumped some fresh blood into it. British Colonial administration once led the world in justice and general decency. It has now fallen behind the times, and has indeed much to learn from the Dutch, whom I have seen at work in their beloved Java.

THE TREASURY MIND

THE Colonial Office official in Whitehall has usually never been to the Colony which he is supposed to be administering. Often he will not go there or he would miss promotion at home. The official in the Colony often fails to co-operate fully enough with the native population. If he is enterprising he is not always encouraged. An acquaintance of mine is an official in our 250-mile-long Gambia ribbon. He thought that the West-African negroes would be better with gardens. He suggested to Whitehall that a total of five pounds might reasonably be spent on seeds for them. Five pounds goes a long way with West-African negroes! He was told No. He then proceeded to give them this sum himself. Came a reprimand from Whitehall for interfering in a matter already under the review of the administration. Worst of all, when an official with a lifetime of experience comes to London there is



THE GOLD COAST STANDARD

Sir Thomas Shenton Whitelegge Thomas, member of the Marylebone Cricket Club, Knight Grand Cross of St. Michael and St. George, Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the Straits Settlements and High Commissioner for the Malay States since 1934. Born 1879, son of a Divine. Married a Colonel's daughter. St. John's, Leatherhead, and Queens', Cambridge. Served East Africa, Uganda, Nigeria, Gold Coast. Governor of Nyasaland 1929. Gold Coast 1932. Plays cricket

nobody he can see. The doors of Whitehall are very often barred.

SAVE PAPER

PLEASE don't forget what I said about saving paper. It really is important and serious. Alack! the behaviour of Mr. Herbert Morrison, our very weak Anti-Blitz chief, gets curiouser and curiouser. He has now sent out to his 42,000 constituents of South Hackney a New Year greeting leaflet, complete with photograph of self, on art paper, ten inches by seven and three-quarter inches (two colours). Show the world that you can do better than Mr. Morrison!

PLANNING AT LAST

FROM an official announcement: 'The London Passenger Transport Board is planning bigger peepholes in buses.'

We were Hitler's First Victim!

by ARCHDUKE ROBERT

In May 1941 we published an article 'Can the Habsburgs Return?' In this number Archduke Robert of Austria, the second son of the Ex-Empress Zita, discusses not his own but his country's return to its rightful position in Europe

HITLER'S rise to power developed in three phases of propaganda. The first signboard for his activities was the nationalistic flag, 'Ein Volk—ein Reich!' —one nation—one empire. With this slogan he tried to justify his claims to Austria and her annexation. With the catchword of the 'Lebensraum'—the second phase—he worded his pretensions to Czechoslovakia and Poland, and finally he coined the phrase of 'New Order' as a mask for his aim of world domination.

Austria knew very well that she was but the first step: that her subjugation meant the real beginning of a new world war. But Austria was isolated; hardly anyone seemed inclined to listen to her or to show any interest in her affairs. The world regarded them as a purely Austrian (or perhaps a German) problem of minor importance. As long as there seemed any spark of hope of appeasing the raging Nazis it was much easier to accept the Goebbeled version of the Austrian case, which was what the bulk of the European cabinets did. So the Nazi propaganda concerning Austria was cheerfully accepted as a refreshing tonic, although it was in reality a poisonous drug.

This disastrous poison of Nazi propaganda is, alas, not yet entirely exterminated and still plays a certain rôle in British public opinion, obscuring the aspect of the true Austrian position. Austria, after all, they say, did once belong to the German Reich and the 'Anschluss' was to some extent an historic outcome. Thus the truly Nazi lie of the 'Heimkehr ins Reich' is stupidly swallowed. Or one may hear that Austrians are actually Germans, and so the 'Anschluss' was understandable, at least from the national point of view. Finally, one hears the argument that the Austrians for years have been anxious to be affiliated to Germany and were striving for the Anschluss. These are more or less the main arguments on which the familiar mistakes are based, and it is most significant that just these formulas are the points of Dr. Goebbels' propaganda. People do not realise that they have simply fallen victims to pan-German and Nazi propaganda carefully prepared and cunningly spread for at least ten years.

With regard to that first argument,

the notorious slogan of the 'return to the Reich', the alleged 'historic' fact that Austria once was part of the German Reich: it must be underlined that the actual reason for this error is a deliberate diabolical confusion of the Holy Roman Empire and the German Reich. This misrepresentation and falsification was created and fostered by pan-German historiographers since the days of nineteenth century Romanticism. The Nazis were anxious to represent themselves as legitimate heirs of the Roman Empire in order to create a mock tradition for themselves and to manufacture 'historic' rights. The Holy Roman Emperors even claimed to include Britain in their dominions, and it was a condition for the release of King Richard I of England by the Holy Roman Emperor that he should acknowledge the pretension. The Holy Roman Empire was Christian and supernational—that was its very *raison d'être.*

FAKING HISTORY

To no purely German Empire has Austria ever belonged. Hitler made use of the same misrepresentation when he proclaimed that, with the incorporation of Bohemia and Moravia, the Czechs and Slovaks 'returned' to the Reich because those countries once belonged to the Holy Roman Reich! With the same 'right' Hitler might as well claim the 'return' of Lombardy to Northern Italy or Burgundy to the Reich. This falsification of history was repeated again and again. The name of the 'Third' Reich was coined for this purpose, until it was thoughtlessly accepted and became a popular delusion.

The second point is the opinion that the Austrians are Germans just because they speak the German language. But community of language does not imply common nationality. If it did, the British, for instance, are Americans, or the Americans are British. As a matter of fact, the Germans and the Austrians are separated by deeply rooted differences, as is shown in their divergent history, their different modes of life, their different culture and civilisation—yes, and even their different racial origin, compounded of German, Bohemian, Polish, Italian and Magyar, which is the very essence of the Austrian genius.

AUSTRIA ISOLATED

With regard to the argument that the Austrians themselves desired the Anschluss, it must be emphasised that any reference to the so-called 'Anschluss' movement of the years 1919 till 1933, in order to justify the Hitler-Anschluss, is pure Goebbels propaganda. Whoever knows the condition in Austria must be aware that this Anschluss movement of post-war times was simply a reaction of the Austrian people against their isolation through the unhappy treaty of St. Germain. The Austrians, for centuries part of a large and powerful Empire with almost sixty million inhabitants, were suddenly isolated, deprived of their proud traditions and transformed into a small republic with six million inhabitants. This depressing new position, with all its economic and social troubles, was the real reason for seeking a new organisation and became the actual cause of that Anschluss idea.

Intensive propaganda was maintained and, backed by German financial resources, an organisation was formed to foster the Anschluss propaganda in Austria. But it was only a very small section of the Intelligentsia that stressed the Anschluss idea from the nationalistic pan-German point of view, which never won them more than sixteen seats in any Austrian Parliament.

But whatever the ideas of this Anschluss

movement might have been, they found no general sympathy in Austria, except in the form of some kind of federative affiliation and economic co-operation with Germany. No one in Austria would have dared to advocate an Anschluss which would impair Austria's liberty and individual position, and subjugate her to Berlin. Reference to these Anschluss ideas in order to justify the Nazi Anschluss is therefore simply a falsification of historic facts.

THE SHAM OF 'ANSCHLUSS'

Actually, the situation in Austria changed immediately Hitler came into power and his ambitions became obvious. This kind of 'Anschluss', which was utterly different from the familiar conception of this word, was only supported by the Nazi minority in Austria. The bulk of the people, particularly the peasants and the workers, strongly opposed this new Anschluss idea. The Nazis at once started with intensive propaganda and cunningly adopted the familiar slogan 'Anschluss' for their own schemes. Since 1933 the Austrians, with the exception of the small minority of Nazis (which according to the unanimous estimate of all experts was never higher than 25–30 per cent at the utmost), have desperately fought against the Nazis. This brave and stubborn fight of the Austrians, *the first of all European people to fight Nazism*, against the ever-increasing Nazi terror from 1933 till 1938 is, alas, commonly overlooked or ignored. With vast sums of money, with propaganda of every kind, through the press, cinema, theatre, literature, and with economic pressure, with bribery and outrages, with terror, bombs and murder the Nazis harassed incessantly that unhappy land, and from 1933, when Hitler came into power, until 1938, when he finally occupied the defenceless country by force, the Austrians were uninterruptedly worked upon, kept under pressure, tortured and menaced.

When, in 1934, Hitler made his first attempt to seize Austria by armed, though irregular, forces, the Austrian people took up arms at once and were ready to fight, and, indeed, did fight for their liberty. Together with their Chancellor Dollfuss, several hundred Austrians lost their lives fighting the Nazi hordes. They succeeded at that time, because Hitler did not yet dare to risk a wider conflagration or to engage his regular army in this fight in view of the Italian army corps which Mussolini mobilised on the German frontier in order to protect Austria's independence. But when, after the Abyssinian conflict, Mussolini joined the Axis, he sold Austria and left her an easy prey to Hitler. From that day on Austria was lost. There was no friend and no power ready to protect our independence. For five years we withstood all the Nazi pressure and menaces and did not cease to fight till the day came when the overwhelming and modernly equipped German Army crossed the frontier and it became senseless to resist. With her small fighting force, which was all that the Treaty of St. Germain permitted us to maintain, without heavy artillery, without tanks or aircraft, Austria was practically defenceless. But still she kept up resistance with all her might as long as it was possible.

AUSTRIA AND THE WAR

The Austrians, after their annexation, knew that Hitler would go on with his aggressions, that war was inevitable, and all their hopes were concentrated on this war, which, terrific and full of sacrifices as it would be, still remained their only chance of liberation. The situation within Austria therefore changed noticeably

when war broke out. The silent and stubborn opposition which until then had prevailed as the general attitude of the Austrians against the Germans, grew into resistance, and the Free Austrian underground movement rapidly came into being. Old political party controversies were forgotten and disappeared completely; people of different political views, previously bitterly in opposition to each other, are united now and working in close collaboration to free themselves from their unbidden guests. There is passive resistance—orders are followed with calculated slowness. There has been sabotage at Hartenburg and Wiener Neustadt. Intensive anti-German propaganda is going on among the civil population at this very moment.

HATE AND HOPE

Austrians of military age, forced to join the German Army, prove themselves a liability rather than an asset for the Germans. They fight on with all possible means for their independence and their liberation from the hated German rule. They have done so since 1933 when the thrust began, but now they fight still more energetically, more completely united because after four years of German rule there hardly exist any more Nazis among the Austrians. Even that minority which in 1938 were Hitler's supporters are now converted and have become opponents of the German rule. Only very small groups still back the Nazi régime in Austria—people with jobs in the party who directly profit from the Nazis and are dependent on them for their existence. They are precisely the same elements that back Quisling and Darlan.

Austrians realise that their only hope for the future rests upon Hitler's defeat, and consequently upon Great Britain's victory. We are in our hearts the allies of Great Britain, and this fact should not be overlooked or under-rated in this country.

The inevitable interdependence of European nations has become obvious through the events of these last years. Great Britain is no longer an island. She is closely linked up with the common destiny of Europe. It was a tragic error when the case of Austria was regarded in 1938 merely as an Austrian or German affair. Owing to her geographical position, Austria, situated in the heart of Central Europe, on the banks of the largest Central European river, the Danube, dominating the highway from east to west and the Alpine passes from north to south, has always played an important and sometimes decisive rôle in Europe. Austria is the key position for the Danube basin and the Hungarian plains, as well as for the Sudeten lands, Bohemia and Moravia. Hitler knew very well why he chose us as his first victim. We had to provide him with the base and jumping-off board for his further aggressions.

The liberation of Austria and her lasting national and cultural independence is a European necessity. The Austrian people will decide for themselves whether they will associate with their neighbours in the Danubian basin in a federative way based on equality of rights and mutual national respect, and the Austrian people will decide for themselves their future form of Government and constitution. Those are not problems which matter at present. The decisive issue for the present is to make the road free for the independence and liberty of Austria: not merely for the sake of Austria, but, indeed, for the sake of Europe. Remember that the Austrians are the only enslaved people who carry arms!

The Helter-Skelter Universe

by J. G. CROWTHER

Author of 'The Social Relations of Science', 'British Scientists of the 19th Century', 'Soviet Science', etc.

Our previous articles have given us the picture of modern thought in various arts and sciences. Here J. G. Crowther discusses the latest views on the nature of the astronomical universe. Can you see the same thread running through the patterns of all these ideas?

MR. HERBERT READ said in the first article in this series that science has revealed a universe terrifying in its extent and majestic in its orderliness. That is the picture unveiled by the telescope and the calculus in the last three centuries. It made an almost inconceivable contrast with the limited universe of the pre-Galilean era, when the stars, as Shakespeare said, were regarded as the ever fixèd marks that look on tempests and are never shaken.

But just when we were getting used to this big idea, the science of the twentieth century has altered the theme again. We are now recognising a universe perplexing in its limitations and comic in its antics. It is a kind of infant prodigy, grotesquely developed beyond its years, for it seems to have the ridiculously small age of only 2,000,000,000 years. It is difficult to imagine how the universe has crowded all of its complicated evolutions within a span of life which, on the cosmical scale, is so short. We have learned very recently that whole galaxies of stars, like the Milky Way, which float in space separated by incredible distances from other similar galaxies, are shooting along at speeds of 60,000 miles a second. We ourselves speed around the axis of the earth at several hundred miles an hour, and with the earth reel round the sun at 18 miles a second. Together with the sun we shoot towards the constellation of Hercules at 12 miles a second. With the whole Milky Way we roll round like a speck of mud near the rim of a giant wheel, at a speed of hundreds of miles a second. Though the outer rim of the Milky Way spins at such a pace, it takes 300,000,000 years to complete one revolution, and has, indeed, probably only completed about six rolls since the beginning of the universe with which we are acquainted. For the present universe, and the kind of matter it contains, is probably not more than 2,000,000,000 years old. What things were like before then, scientists are only beginning to imagine. The ancestor of the present universe may have been a relatively small solid lump of matter quite different in

nature from the atoms of iron and oxygen and other elements with which we are acquainted. It may have been billions of times as dense as lead, and millions of times as hot as the hottest star.

Indeed, it may have been a single super-atom, which was also super-radioactive. And the unfolding, evolving universe that we know may be merely the later results of the spontaneous explosion of this primeval super-atom about 2,000,000,000 years old.

And how did this original atom come into existence? No doubt the pious and gifted Abbe Lemaître, who had done so much to develop this particular theory of the expanding universe, has his own answer.

THE COLOUR SPEEDOMETER

When you stand on the platform of a wayside station of a main line, and a non-stop express runs through, the sounds of the engine's whistle come with very different impressions. As you look at the oncoming train, the sound of the whistle has an unusually shrill and spiteful note, increasing in intensity as the train comes nearer. But as the engine rushes past, you notice that its whistling note drops the shrillness, and falls suddenly to a hoarse tone.

If the engine is stationary, the air-waves will fall on the ear with the same frequency with which they are produced. But if the engine is approaching, so that the whistle is being carried towards the listener, each air-wave which reaches the ear will not have to travel quite so far as the one before. As the speed of sound is constant, the interval of reception between waves will be shorter, and the ear will receive more waves in a given time. This will be heard as a note of higher pitch. When the engine whistle recedes, the effect will be contrary.

The degree of the change in pitch is directly related to the speed of the engine; the higher the speed the greater the change. In fact, if the pitch of the whistle when stationary is known, the speed at which the engine is travelling can be calculated from the pitch of the sound heard by the ear.

The beauty of this way of measuring the engine's speed is that no knowledge of the distance of the engine is necessary.

A similar phenomenon is found with any other sort of wave-motion, such as light. Just as the *pitch* of the sound from the moving whistle depends on the frequency of the waves falling on the ear, so the *colour* of a moving light depends on the frequency of the waves falling on the eye.

The frequencies of the coloured rays of the spectrum increase from the red, through the orange, yellow, green and blue to the violet. Thus if the light is pure green when stationary, it will be slightly bluish when it approaches, and slightly yellowish when it recedes. The effect is, however, too slight to be noticeable in lamps moving on the earth because they are not travelling fast enough.

But it is different with the express trains of the universe. Many of them are travelling so fast that the colours of their rays are very distinctly and measurably changed. Consequently, their speed of motion away from, or towards ourselves can easily be calculated.

RELATIVITY

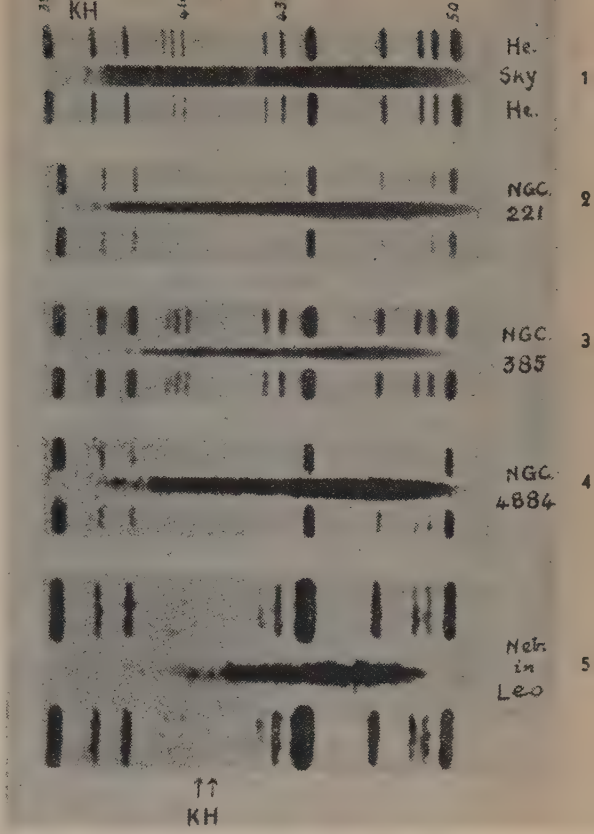
One of the most remarkable paradoxes of recent science is that while more and more objects are found to be super-speeding, speed itself is found to have a limit. Nothing can travel faster than 186,000 miles a second, the speed of light. Fizeau made an extraordinary experiment in which he showed that light passes

through moving air with just the same velocity as through still air. It goes against the wind, or in still air, or with the wind at exactly the same speed. The same thing was found by Michelson and Morley, who showed that the speed with which a ray of light reached anywhere from a source on the earth was quite unaffected by the earth's own speed, whether towards or away from the object. Whatever you do, you cannot make the speed of light faster or slower than it is. It is, in fact, the speed limit of the universe.

This remained an unintelligible conundrum until Einstein showed that it could be explained if time and space are not regarded as independent of each other, but as different facets of a unified underlying world of space-time. Space and time were, in fact, revealed as, in a sense, different aspects of each other. And from this, other relations were discovered. It became clear that mass and energy, hitherto thought to be distinct, are also double-personalities, and can therefore be transformed into each other. This explained the origin of the enormous energy which keeps the sun and stars shining. It is matter being turned into light.

Then it was discovered that the size and mass of an object depended on its speed. If it was travelling very fast, its weight increased and its size decreased.

Gravitation was found to be a natural consequence of rotary motion and other factors, and it followed that light behaved as if big masses such as the sun could bend and hold it back. Another way of expressing the effect was that mass bent space, and made it curved. In fact, it seemed that space itself might be limited in extent. Such were the deductions that arose from the observed fact that the speed of light is constant.



SPECTRA WHICH REVEAL THE RECESSION OF THE ISLAND UNIVERSES

These are the five black horizontal smudges. The series of vertical reference lines which flank them are merely spectral reference marks from which measurements are made.

The top spectrum is of the sky, which has no speed relative to the earth. There are two faint vertical lines at the left end of the smudge, below the letters K and H.

In the second spectrum, which is of the nebula NGC 221, it will be noticed that the K and H lines are slightly farther to the left, or towards the violet end of the spectrum, when compared with the vertical reference lines. This shows that the nebula is moving towards us at a rate of about 112 miles a second.

In the third spectrum, which is of the nebula NGC 385, the K and H lines are represented by two faint blobs at the left end of the smudge. These have been shifted a good deal towards the right, or the red. The amount of displacement shows that the nebula is flying away from us at 3,060 miles a second.

In the fourth spectrum, the K and H blobs are slightly farther to the right, and show that nebula NGC 4884 is receding at 4,200 miles a second.

In the fifth spectrum, which is of the nebula in Leo, the K and H blobs have moved much farther to the right. The amount shows that this nebula is receding at 12,000 miles a second.

But to return to the discovery of the actual speeds at which huge objects, such as stars, incomparably more ponderous than rays of light, are moving.

THE GREAT NEBULA IN ORION
This is within our own galaxy. It is a huge mass of shining gas

THE CELESTIAL BRADSHAW

The light of the lamps of the celestial expresses is provided by vibrating atoms. Like engine whistles, the frequency of their vibrations is exactly known. The helium atoms in the most distant stars are observed to vibrate at just the same rate as those on the sun or in the scientist's laboratory. Examination of the light from helium and other atoms will therefore reveal whether their bearers are moving towards or away from the earth, and at what speed. This can be done with the aid of the spectroscope.

Possessing this most ingenious method of measuring the speed of celestial objects, no matter how near or far they may be, astronomers have compiled a kind of Bradshaw of the Universe. The to-and-fro speeds of several thousand individual stars have been measured. Many of them are travelling at about 10 to 20 miles per second, which is of the same order as the speed of the earth round the sun.

So far, the entries in the Bradshaw are not very startling. The individual stars and planets seem to be travelling at the same order of speed as the earth round the sun.

Recently, however, the Colour Speedometer has been usefully applied to other heavenly objects, the nebulæ. These are of two kinds. One consists of masses of luminous gas, while the other consists of independent clusters of millions of stars. All the known nebulæ of the first kind are within the galaxy we call the Milky Way, while all those of the second sort are known to lie out in space, far beyond the frontiers of our own galaxy. Though few individual stars can be distinguished in these extra-galactic nebulæ, it is almost certain that they consist of millions of stars, because the light received from them is exactly like the mixed rays from a vast crowd of ordinary stars. The extra-galactic nebulæ are Milky Ways or galaxies on their own, containing tens of thousands of millions of stars. They are conveniently called Island Universes to describe their size and isolation, though, of course, they are vastly smaller than, being only parts of, the Universe as a whole. One of the nearest of them is the spiral nebula in Andromeda. But in spite of its mighty size and distance, it submits to the measurements of the Colour Speedometer. It is known to be approaching us at a speed of 20 miles per second. Nearly all other Island Universes, indeed all beyond a certain distance, are found to be receding from us. But how do we discover their distance?

THE CYCLOMETER STARS

The distance travelled by your motor-car is measured by the number of revolutions of one of the wheels. The

circumference of the wheel is known, so the distance travelled must be the product of the length of the circumference by the number of revolutions. The counting of the revolutions is done by a system of geared wheels which registers a familiar row of figures. The cyclometer is a very old invention. It was described by the Greek engineer Hero nearly two thousand years ago. But the distance of Island Universes cannot be measured by ordinary cyclometers. There is no straight and narrow path by which they may be rolled from the earth to the ends of space.

There are, however, other methods of measuring distances. One is that used by surveyors, who measure angles at the end of a base line, and deduce thereby the distance of an object. This method will not work with the Island Universes, because no base line long enough to give any result is available to human observers. Even the diameter of the earth's orbit is negligible in comparison with their distances.

Once more the Celestial Lamps come to our aid. The distance of a lamp can easily be calculated by comparing its apparent candle-power with its actual candle-power, for it is known that the strength of a light diminishes as the square of the distance.

You will say: 'That is all very well, but are there any lamps of known candle-power in the Island Universes?'

The answer is: 'Yes'. Nature has very happily provided us not only with lamps of known candle-power, but with something like exceptionally powerful Stellar Lighthouses, which call attention to their presence by varying the power of their beams.

Many of the stars vary in their candle-power in a very regular way. In some cases this is due to regular eclipses by

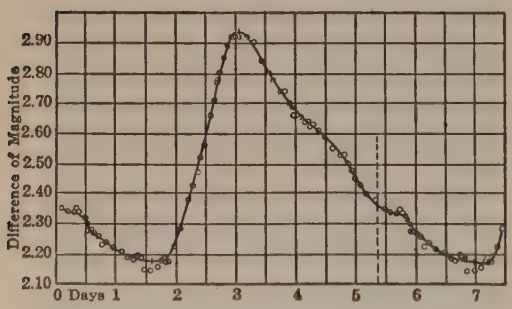
THE SPIRAL NEBULA IN CANES VENATICI
This is an Island Universe of stars right out in space, far beyond the limits of the galaxy. The spectroscope shows that Island Universes like this are rotating like giant catherine wheels. The spiral arms consist of myriads of stars, which have congealed from matter that has been expelled from the centre under the swift rotation

a revolving companion. In others, it seems to be due to a rhythmical swelling or pulsation. This kind of variation was first noticed in the star δ Cephei, so pulsating stars are named Cepheids. It has been discovered fairly recently that the Pole Star is a Cepheid. Its rhythm is almost exactly four days in length. The change in candle-power is not very great, which explains why it remained undetected for so long. Stellar photography has found it out at last, and removed the aptness of the Shakespearean character's claim to be 'constant as the northern star'.

The Cepheid stars have a very extraordinary property which was discovered and applied by the American astronomers, Miss Henrietta Leavitt and Dr. Harlow Shapley. They examined a group of Cepheid stars discovered in the

THE MAGELLANIC CLOUD
An instance of the profusion and striking beauty of the objects in the universe

Magellanic Cloud, a vast cluster of stars first noted by the great navigator. As they were in the same group, they were all at about the same distance, so the candle-power, or more conveniently, the sun-power, of these particular stars could be compared. This led to the discovery that their sun-power had a perfectly definite relation to the period of the pulsations. If the star pulsated in ten days, it would be 950 times as bright



The curve shows the variation in the brightness of δ Cephei. It rises from minimum rather sharply to maximum, and then falls less sharply to minimum, completing this cycle in a regular rhythm of about 5½ days

as the sun, and if in 100 days, then it would be 20,000 times as bright. These stars not only betrayed their actual brightness, but also had the advantage of being very powerful lights, and therefore visible at exceptionally great distances.

Cepheid Stars could now be determined by measuring their period, calculating from that of their sun-power, and comparing this with their apparent sun-power, and the distance of any group of stars could be determined if a Cepheid could be found among them.

BROADCASTING WORLDS TO THE WORLD

The Island Universes were first seen as hazy inconspicuous objects, the one which is largest to the naked eye, the Andromeda nebula, appearing as nothing more than a minor star. The introduction of powerful telescopes has revealed numbers of stars in them, and confirmed the surmise from the nature of their light, that they are vast systems of stars.

The Andromeda nebula lies far beyond the frontiers of the Milky Way. As we can calculate its distance, its actual size can be deduced from its apparent size. It is of the same order as the Milky Way. Its actual brightness can in a similar way be deduced from its apparent brightness. It proves to be more than that of 1,000 million suns. Both in size, and number of stars, it is comparable with the whole MilkyWay. It is indeed a Milky Way of its own.

Telescopic research reveals vast numbers, in fact millions, of objects like the Andromeda nebula, though much smaller to the eye. They look smaller than the Andromeda merely because they are still more distant. Their distance can be roughly determined by comparing their apparent size with that of

the Andromeda. Their actual size is probably much the same.

In this way, Island Universes, as large as our own Milky Way, have been detected 500,000,000 light-years away. The light that we see them by started on its journey to us when life on the earth had not yet evolved beyond the stage of worms, and another 350,000,000 years had to pass before mammals had appeared.

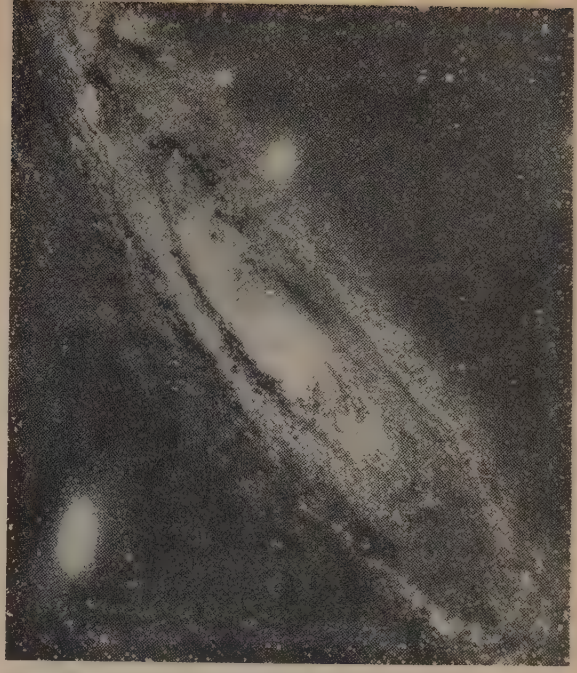
There are even clusters of Island Universes in some parts of space.

The movement of these Island Universes towards or away from us can be determined by the Colour Speedometer. It is found that all the Island Universes beyond a distance of about 1,000,000 light-years are receding from us, and the further they are, the faster they are receding. In fact, their speed of recession is found to be proportional to their distance.

The most distant visible Island Universe is speeding away at 60,000 miles a second, five times as fast as the nuclei of helium atoms flung out of exploding radium, and one-third as fast as a wave of light or radio.

The whole universe is actually broadcasting Island Universes through space almost as fast as words are puttered through the ether by man.

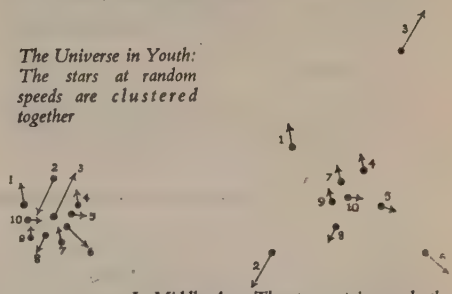
How is the flight of the Island Universes to be explained? The easiest explanation has been suggested by Milne. He has pointed out that receding distant Island Universes are only what one ought to expect from common sense. If a number of objects enclosed in a finite volume are moving with random speeds, some fast, some slow; then at a sufficiently later date, the fast-moving objects will obviously be farther away than the slow-moving ones, and will be receding. For if a fast-moving one was approaching



The nearest of the Island Universes. The Nebula in Andromeda. It is only 680,000 light-years away, and it is flying towards us at about 20 miles a second. The light by which we see the Andromeda nebula started towards us at about the time when our first sub-human ancestors appeared on the earth, upwards of a million years ago

you at the earlier date, it will soon have come up to you and swept past, swiftly moving out and receding on the other side. It is evident, too, that the objects will have travelled a distance in proportion to their speed, so when they are observed at the later date the distant

MILNE'S THEORY OF THE RECEDING STARS AND NEBULAE



The Universe in Youth: The stars at random speeds are clustered together

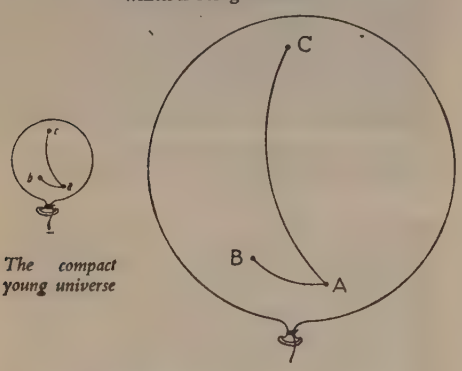
In Middle Age: The stars retain much the same speeds, but the faster-moving ones have travelled far from the centre of the cluster, and are now all receding, the most distant ones receding the fastest. The length and direction of the arrows represent the speed and direction in which the stars are moving

ones are seen to be receding at a speed proportional to their distance.

Another explanation is that the whole universe is expanding like a vast balloon. The Island Universes start as dots close together on the surface. As the balloon expands, the distance between the dots increases. To a fly settled on one of the dots, the more distant would recede faster than the nearer ones, and the recession would be in proportion to their distance.

THE EXPANSION OF SPACE THEORY

in which the Universe is compared to a balloon which is being inflated



THE BLOATED MIDDLE-AGED UNIVERSE

Stars which have the relative positions a, b, and c at an early stage, have much the same relative positions A, B and C at a later stage. But c has receded much farther from a than b has from a, in order to get to C. Hence it must have travelled faster. In fact, its rate of recession is proportional to its distance

The fact of the expanding Universe raises the question as to whether space is expanding. If it is, what is it expanding into? The answer is that it is not expanding into anything. The notion of space is an intellectual construction from knowledge of real objects. There is no reason why the notions of space derived from the study of the motions of Island Universes and atoms should fit into the notions of space derived by Euclid from the study of familiar objects and lines drawn on sanded floors in Alexandria. If questions concerning one are asked in terms of the other they will be meaningless.

Every age must conceive the Universe in its own way. Is it an accident that mankind should have discovered the commotion in the stellar Universe at the very time when its own affairs are in violent transformation? Does not occupation with revolutionary ideas in one direction predispose the mind to discover them in another?

Professor Bernal told us in his article in this series that the whole of human society is passing through enormously important transformations which are occurring far more rapidly than in the past. The pace has quickened. It seems that revolutionary ideas are stirring beneath our thoughts, and are being expressed variously but simultaneously through the imagination of astronomers, poets, physicists, painters and politicians, and will soon become the 'common sense' of the man in the street.

Previous articles in this series:—1941, June, 'Threshold of a New Age' by Herbert Read; July, 'Transformation in Science' by Professor J. D. Bernal, F.R.S.; August, 'Painting and Sculpture' by E. H. Ramsden; September, 'Life from a New Angle' by C. H. Waddington, Sc.D.; October, 'The New Groundwork of Architecture' by John Summerson; November, 'Matter, Form, Evolution and Us' by Dr. Joseph Needham, F.R.S.; December, 'Man—The Anachronism' by Dr. Edward Glover, M.D. 1942, January, 'The Revolution in Literature' by Kathleen Raine. Back numbers, December and January, 1s. 6d., August, September, October and November, 1s. 3d., June and July, 1s. each, from all bookstalls or direct from the publishers, Hulton Press Ltd., 43–44, Shoe Lane, E.C.4

Free France and her Leaders

Admiral Muselier's unexpected taking over of St. Pierre and Miquélon has brought the position of the Free French to the fore again. What kind of men are their leaders? H. R. Madol gives some impressions

General de Gaulle, leader of the Free French, owes his success to a large extent to some of the qualities in which he greatly resembles the British Prime Minister: his stubborn faith in the future of his country, his brilliant oratorial gifts, his courage-inspiring energy and his readiness to act. He has also the Latin charm of his race.

Admiral Muselier, whom I saw shortly before he left for St. Pierre and Miquélon, referred to his former colleague Darlan as 'the admiral who has been least at sea'. One could never apply such an epithet to Muselier himself. His last expedition proves again his spirit of initiative, shown so valiantly at Gibraltar where he assembled a few French warships and merchantmen eager to escape the shame of France's capitulation. By joining de Gaulle they laid the foundation of what is to-day a free fleet of over a million tons.

M. Maurice Dejean, the National Commissioner for Foreign Affairs, when speaking of St. Pierre and Miquélon, said to me: 'The importance of this event and the reaction of the Western Hemisphere must not be exaggerated. These islands are only of slight consequence, but they might have proved useful to our enemies. If for the moment certain diplomatic difficulties have arisen through our action, I feel sure they will be short-lived. We know that the vast majority of Americans are with us . . .'

I inquired as to the exact state of relations between the United States and Free France.

'First of all,' M. Dejean told me, 'we share in the benefits of the Lease-Lend Bill. America has sent a military mission under Colonel Cunningham to French Equatorial Africa which, as you know, belongs to our Free French Empire. As regards the stipulations of the Havana Agreement prohibiting a change of sovereignty or control in any part of the Western Hemisphere, we are of the opinion that it was Vichy which, by the Armistice, infringed these stipulations, and we therefore hold that we have restored the *status quo ante*. The question of change of sovereignty does not arise, since the islands have always been French, and, naturally, we rightly consider everything French as being our own domain. Five hundred seamen from these two small islands have already joined our Navy, and although this is not a large number in itself, it is relatively considerable, and every man who comes to join us in the fight is a definite acquisition.'

I also asked the Commissioner about the fate of the *Normandie*.

'There is no doubt that this ship must play her part in the war effort and not remain idle. We hold that all these French vessels should sail under the French flag for the liberation of France and the ultimate triumph of the Allies. It would be very encouraging for us to see them manned, at least in part, by French sailors.'

M. Dejean is a diplomat by career. Before becoming Chief of Cabinet to the Foreign Ministers Daladier and Reynaud he had been for ten years at the French Embassy in Berlin.

'I hear that my former chief M. Coulondre has been persecuted by the Nazis as the principal author of our official "Yellow Book" published by the Quai d'Orsay before the catastrophe and containing all the documentary evidence concerning the outbreak of this war. I was myself largely responsible for this publication and most of the telegrams from Berlin were drafted by me, in complete harmony and agreement with M. Coulondre.'

M. Dejean spoke of all the underhand intrigues of the Fifth Column which he observed from the Quai d'Orsay during the war. He mentioned, in this connection, the activities centred around Marshal Pétain and showed me a sensational document which he produced from his wallet.

'I was still in Berlin and heard Hitler address the Reichstag when Germany declared war on Poland. It was a strange contrast to see the Führer gesticulating wildly while the members of his Parliament seemed rather gloomy. One of my colleagues observed: "Voilà un fou furieux parlant à des fous apathiques".'

'Liberty' Comes to Tangier

by COLWYN BECKETT

In June 1940, freedom in the new style came to Tangier, which found itself yet another pawn in the Nazi game of corruption and intimidation. Colwyn Beckett describes the effects of that 'freedom' with humour as well as understanding

When, in June 1940, General Franco's troops occupied Tangier, and the world was informed that the International Zone had at last been 'liberated' from the iniquities of a 'pluto-democratic' régime, the news created a certain amount of surprise in various quarters. True, ever since the termination of the 'glorious crusade', the Spanish press had never missed an opportunity for alluding to Gibraltar, Tangier and the 'new Spain' which, 'invincible in her new-found unity, could never rest until every inch of Spanish soil had been recovered by her'. But it was generally argued that, for reasons of foreign policy, not less than for the sake of the extremists at home, the Franco régime had, from time to time, publicly to go through the motions of some symbolic act of allegiance to the Axis. Anxious to avoid an inconsiderate gesture that would commit them further than they intended to go, they had found it a suitable substitute for action to join, on useful occasions, the totalitarian chorus chanting one of the well-known ideological ditties.

There was no flaw in this reasoning. And yet, the occupation *had* taken place. Nor was it an improvised affair. Carefully planned and prepared, it was perfectly timed and executed. General Franco had waited patiently, until he could be sure that his opportunity had come. It was a moment of world-wide confusion: Italy just stepping down into the arena of war, France in shambles, crawling out of it, the Mediterranean in a turmoil, Britain hard-pressed on all sides—he must strike now, or never. In the midst of 'friendly conversations' with the other treaty powers interested in the fate of Tangier, following a day of assurances that no immediate action was contemplated, he lined up his battalions under cover of darkness and—the rising sun shone on all Tangier's strategic points safely in the hands of his Moorish 'regulars'.

Immediately after the *coup* everything was 'explained'. Franco's forces had no wish to occupy anything, yet they had had to 'satisfy the exigencies of an emergency developed with such suddenness that it had left no time for previous consultations'. All they wanted to do was to 'restore public order'—this in face of the fact that nine months of war had never produced even the slightest incident in Tangier. The force, they assured the world, was barely two thousand, and nothing but infantry. In truth it numbered twenty thousand,

with plenty of artillery, mechanised throughout. It was to be a temporary measure, anyway, and, of course, all international institutions would be respected.

So they were; until, when the Italo-German armistice commission reported good progress in the disarming of the French North African forces, the General Officer commanding the Spanish column of occupation (now called by this name) issued in quick succession a few 'orders of the day' that suspended the activities of the 'Control Committee' (Tangier's equivalent of a government), dissolved the Legislative Assembly (a one-chamber Parliament), disbanded the International Police force, and summarily dismissed the entire Civil Service personnel; until the official *Madrid Gazette* suddenly published a decree incorporating, as from the 1st January 1941, Tangier in the Zone of the Spanish Protectorate in Morocco.

Opinion in Britain had been quick in concluding that in all this General Franco had been acting purely on behalf of the Axis, and under its orders. In reality matters were not quite as simple as this. The 'technique' of the move, no doubt, glaringly reflects much study of the totalitarian high-priests, and intense coaching by them; yet how about the motives?

Berlin and Rome had been, of course, informed as to their junior partner's intentions, and they had given him their blessing; as they couldn't come themselves, it was just as well for the Spanish to lay hands on Tangier. But General Franco, fully aware of the insatiable appetite both the Axis partners have repeatedly shown in regard to everything connected with Morocco, had rushed in head over heels, in order to make sure of Tangier . . . not so much *for* as *from* his masters.

It should be remembered, too, that in June 1940 it was by no means a foregone conclusion that French Morocco would not fight on. If it had, a drive against the French Zone would have been very much to Hitler's taste, and to execute such a drive would have been very much to Franco's taste. For that campaign, however, great advantages could have been derived from the possession of Tangier, bridgehead of the railway to Taza, Fez and Casablanca. This consideration, too, must have loomed large in General Franco's mind.

And yet, fundamentally, we must look upon him as pushed on more by the fatal automatism of all dictatorial régimes than by anything else. Hungry masses must be fed. Anything cheap will do. A cheap victory will do very nicely indeed. The cost of the Tangier affair so far adds up to practically nothing. Obviously, Tangier is worth a great deal more than that. Developed by international finance, its capital value far exceeds that of all the Spanish Zone. Last but not least, it also has the largest Spanish-speaking population of all Moroccan towns.

The second largest ethnic group of Tangier (the majority is Moorish), the Spanish were living there under conditions that certainly did not call for any 'liberation'. The International Administration had always limited their activities to the departments of, one might say, War, Finance and Foreign Affairs. Tangier knew of no taxes. The import duties were nominal, fiscal dues lower than anywhere else, no armaments expenditure was burdening the budget, the cost of living was low. The international and demilitarised status of the place made it the seat of innumerable holding companies, and the home of retired people who wished to spend their

old age and their accumulated resources. It was a favourite holiday resort. Although there had always been a large number of Spanish 'poor white' in Tangier, the majority of the population enjoyed a standard of living that had automatically adjusted itself to that of the countries most closely connected economically: France, Great Britain and the United States. Now, with the holding companies winding up, foreign residents leaving for less troubled parts, and tourist traffic dead, the 'poor white' are literally on the brink of starvation.

In Tangier, Spanish was one of the three official languages (the other two were French and Arabic), the peseta, together with the French Moroccan franc, being legal tender. The Spanish had their post office, their papers; they had schools and hospitals under their own control; they had their own Catholic clergy to look after their spiritual welfare. Even before Franco had won his final victory, in Tangier the Spanish were allowed to organise in militant Falangist groups. In politics the Spanish had a majority. In the administration they had a larger share than their due. In fact, the Spanish were enjoying in Tangier almost complete self-government. Now, liberated, they are governed by decrees issued in Madrid, ruled by a bureaucracy imported from the Tetuan district, and policed by Moorish soldiery.

Tangier's once so pleasantly free atmosphere has turned stifling. The Spanish police, arrived in the wake of the troops, at once proceeded to the cleaning-up of the place. All 'reds' were mercilessly hunted down. Thanks to denunciations and by means of a house-to-house search, a large number of poor devils were brought to light who had served on the wrong side in the civil war, and had not had the means for escaping any farther than Tangier. They are now part of the one and a half million 'enemies of the State' kept in Spanish concentration camps.

Postal censorship was introduced; all letters were to be posted open, even inland mail; quite logically, too, for General Franco's enemies are mostly inside, not outside the borders. Press censorship is so stringent that the Tangier papers are official *pronunciamientos*. The two Spanish dailies consist of D.N.B., Transocean and Stefani news, *plus* comment literally reproduced from the text released by the Madrid Propaganda Ministry. The two French papers are in no way better: they are controlled from French Morocco, therefore by the Gestapo section of the Italo-German armistice commission working in Casablanca. The British-owned *Tangier Gazette*, published as an evening paper in French and Spanish, has been permitted, up to the present, to print almost everything that is strictly news, but its comments are quite often blanked out. Verbatim accounts of Mr. Churchill's and Mr. Roosevelt's speeches, when reported by the *Tangier Gazette*, have been so cruelly manhandled on every occasion by the Spanish censor as to become unrecognisable. Lately they have been published separately, on sheets available to the public at the British Consulate, the British West Africa Bank and the British Post and Telegraph offices, and it has become a favourite sport of the Spanish police to confiscate these sheets out of the pockets of non-British readers the moment they emerge from one of these places.

The 'Falange' (the organisation of the Spanish Nazis) has become all-powerful. Its membership card is the only means of admittance to municipal jobs, state contracts, licences of any kind. At the same

time all but everything is made subject to some variety of a licence. The Falange offers two free meals daily to the children of the Spanish 'poor white'—not, however, without checking up first on the general political habits of the parents. At the end of each meal the children are lined up in front of the huge barn called 'comedor', in the open, to sing, with right hand upraised all the time, the Falangist hymn, and shout with the enthusiasm of the well-fed: 'Franco, Franco, Franco! VIVA!'—upon which the ladies and gentlemen in charge of the 'comedor' cheerfully drive away in the de-luxe car put at their disposal for the purpose. As happens under other totalitarian skies, in Tangier politics has ceased being a means for nominating, and keeping an eye on, the executive, and is but a means of getting, as the case may be, free meals, lucrative jobs or juicy contracts.

It ought to be said, in favour of the new régime, however, that it has not—as in Vichy France—thought it necessary to fill its numerous labour camps in the desert with the thousands and thousands of war refugees from all over the Continent, who have sought an asylum within its borders. It could be argued, of course, that the whole Zone of Tangier can now be considered a fairly spacious and passably comfortable prison—particularly as, for belligerent subjects, exit permits are now very hard to get from the authorities. But there *is* a difference that nobody would wish to deny, a difference that shows up the Vichy France of to-day more Nazified and barbarised even than Franco Spain.

The new régime has also taken good care not to kill the goose that lays the golden eggs: whereas all Spain and all her colonies are, of course, under the strictest system of exchange control, no regulation restricts the untrammelled freedom of Tangier's money market. Up to the present, Tangier has been encouraged even to trade full tilt, to believe in the future and to use its ample disponibility of foreign exchange for importing from overseas considerable shipments of all those commodities which for years on end Franco Spain had been denied. British policy towards Spain is one of such limitless forbearance, and the Navicert system is applied to Tangier, too, with such generosity, that the authorised imports regularly produce substantial surpluses available for purposes other than home consumption. Much of these—together with a great deal of what would be the genuine requirements of the local consumers—goes to blockaded French Morocco, and perhaps even more to Spain, or *via* Spain to Germany.

To make sure that Tangier is supplying them with all they feel they ought to get, the Germans have now come along in person. Compelled to leave in August 1914 as enemy aliens, debarred from settling again by the Versailles Treaty, the Nazis could easily complete with Franco all arrangements necessary for staging a most spectacular come-back. The handing back to the Swastika of the consular building that the Kaiser's officials had been asked to leave twenty-seven years earlier was made into a magnificent affair, marked by a grand military parade, compulsory beflagging of the entire town, general rejoicing 'by order' and a great deal of official speech-making. The local papers called it 'a glorious act of fairness and comradeship'.

Although rumours persist that the most important business of the Nazis in Tangier is the supervision of the construction of new fortifications destined

to make the place impregnable, it is probably safe to assume that all this feverish building activity exists but in the imagination of some over-nervous people. It is a proved fact, however, that the German Consulate has started language courses for the Arabs, attendance at which is said to be extremely satisfactory—quite possibly due to the fact that the curriculum includes a lavish tea with plenty of pastry for each pupil with each lesson. The textbooks used appear to be of a somewhat peculiar make, though: so far the only German words one can hear from the Arabs are the well-known vicious anti-Semitic invectives.

Neither can the other fact be doubted that the Germans are with great application sowing the seeds of unrest among the Arabs. Very much the same as in French Morocco, they are bent on stirring up trouble between the native population and European rule. Lately the Spanish themselves have begun to find that certain limits must be set to the interest their friends the Nazis are taking in their friends the Moors. Not long ago, the leading German business-man in Tangier—all over the world, Nazi agents are business-men, when they are not tourists—was arrested by the Spanish police, and carried off to Spain, ostensibly on the charge of smuggling (it was quite safe, in all likelihood, to accuse him of that too).

The Tangierians are a race of people in which all European, African, Levantine, etc., tribes of man are represented, who in the course of centuries have known Berber, Phœnician, Carthaginian, Roman, Visigoth, Arab, British, then again Arab, Portuguese, Spanish and international rule. To them, therefore, one dictator more counts very little indeed, and they look upon all these goings-on with detachment, faintly amused. It is characteristic of their state of mind that they love treating the stranger to their version of how Franco's army had held its triumphal entry into Tangier . . . twice.

The first time they came was at dawn; they had to come hurriedly; they weren't quite sure of their ground. *Some* resistance there *might* have been, after all: the heavy pieces in Gibraltar carry a long, a very long way. Their nerves could stand no theatrical effects then. But as soon as it turned out that nobody would shoot and that everything was quite safe . . . there came the order from Madrid that the entry must be filmed. It was a categorical order. It looked as if the film would be at least as important as the 'liberation' itself. Well, an order is an order. Next day the whole army was marched out again and, early in the afternoon, when the light effects were the most advantageous, in they marched once more. Colours flying, bands playing, officers' horses prancing, machine-guns glittering in the sunshine, big guns thundering along the pavement, all the Falange crowd, all the Moorish urchins, bootblacks, nougat-sellers and beggars lining the streets, waving, cheering, enjoying the noise they were making—and movie operators working feverishly from the top of their lorries majestically preceding the heroes all the way. The film was made, and will last for all eternity—even if the 'liberation' will not.

'The Sausage Machine'

by MICHAEL WITCOMB

'Ramshackle variegated civilians' are shovelled in at one end, and 'uniformed, medically examined, inoculated, cropped, graded and numbered recruits' come out at the other. The mysteries of an Army Intake Centre are manifold and often disconcerting; here they are disclosed

ALL along the north side of the Square runs a low brick-and-steel building like a factory. It *is* a factory. You shovel ramshackle variegated civilians in at one end and turn out uniformed, medically-examined, inoculated, cropped, graded and numbered recruits at the other. For this is an Intake Centre of the British Army, locally known as the Sausage Machine. The nickname has stuck: every month on intake-day you see in Regimental Orders: '*Sausage Machine*, Operation of, N.C.O.s detailed for, the u/m personnel, etc.'

The efficiency of the Sausage Machine at the training camp where I joined up is one of the marks left by Mr. Hore-Belisha on the Army during his term of office at the War Office. Tribute was paid to it by Sir Richard Acland, who went through our machine as plain Gunner Acland some time ago, and praised it in the Commons the following evening. The machine tested him and found him suitable for dispatch-riding,

Not all Sausage Machines work as well as ours did in the mass-production of soldiers; but of course Ack-Ack is young, and therefore better organised than older arms of the Army. This is how it works:

Stage 1. A brief two-minute interview with the R.S.M. If he is a good R.S.M. he knows all about you at a glance. He asks: what is your standard of education? Can you read and write? (A surprisingly big proportion of intake—about two per cent—cannot.) Health? Languages? Games—what position on the field? Hobbies? Drive a car? Ride a motor-bike? Use a typewriter? Do any entertaining of any sort? Play any musical instruments?

'Piano? Too many pianists, I'm afraid. Now we're awfully short of trombonists.'

In one corner of the room a small bird-like man in spectacles is watching you carefully: he is the Talent Spotter who produces the camp concerts.

'Ah, so this our novelist!' beamed the R.S.M. as I stood before him, hat in hand. I had rashly asked, by telegram, for a fortnight's grace in which to correct some proofs. 'Oh yes, we were tickled by your wire. Write books for a living?'

'No. I'm a journalist.'

'Splendid. We're planning a Regimental Magazine. You'll come in useful. Stick his name down, Bombardier.' (This to the bird-like man.) 'That's all. Next, please. Oh, you might be reading one of these—you'll have a minute or

two to wait before the next stage.' And he handed me a multigraphed sheet, one of the most remarkable documents I have ever read. I reproduce it as something absolutely English that could not be found in any other army of the world:

'*A Few Words of Advice To You On Joining Us.* The step you have just taken from Civil to Military life is sure to prove a very strange one. Probably the one thing uppermost in your mind is Discipline. The old idea of Discipline as depicted by third-rate Music Hall artistes and newspapers—that of a beery Sergeant-Major roaring and cursing at everyone within sight—has gone for ever, and the Discipline to which you are about to become accustomed is only a far better organised version of the kind you have been used to all your life. . . . Remember that the N.C.O.s under whom you are about to commence work have all "been through the Mill" just as you will. They have been carefully selected, not only on account of their knowledge, but because of their understanding of human nature. . . . You can confidently make up your mind that the life you are about to begin is a damned good one—I know, because I've had twenty-five years of it. . . .'

Too good to be true, of course, especially about the N.C.O.s; but—I am not a volunteer: I am only a miserable, unrepentant conscript: why should anyone bother to make me feel at home? There can be few R.S.M.s like that one. A man of refinement and imagination. The R.S.M. can make or break a regiment: his personality is diffused all over it.

Stage 2. Examination of papers and issuing of Pay Books. You file past a long table and at the far end of it receive your Army Number.

Stage 3. Issue of equipment, R.Q.M.S. From the battledress department to the greatcoat department. Then boots,

gaiters, underclothes, haversacks, full pack, webbing, waterbottle, housewife, holdall, P.T. kit, cap, tin-hat, badge, respirator, gas-cape, denims, groundsheet, kitbag. They are checked over before you leave the Stores.

Stage 4. (May be postponed a day or two if time is short): Medical inspection to see whether you've got V.D. or scabies. There is generally one case of scabies per 500 recruits; more if they come mainly from the city areas. First inoculations against typhoid and tetanus. 'Ever heard of lock-jaw, chum?' *Jab* goes the needle. 'Well, that's against it!' Also (possibly deferred) dental inspection: a lightning map of each man's mouth is made, recording the precise condition of each tooth. This, apart from hygiene, helps to identify your body if unrecognisably mutilated.

Stage 5 may also be postponed. It is the most interesting of all, and probably peculiar to the Artillery, perhaps to A.A. alone. It is a try-out of the sort of thing that may in future be carried out by the Ministry of Labour and National Service instead: the Psychological Selection Tests. These are believed to have been a pet scheme of Mr. Hore-Belisha's. The introduction of Industrial Psychology methods into the Army was naturally scowled upon at first by the Blimps; I believe they now favour it. It aims at the elimination, as far as possible, of square pegs in round holes, and is particularly valuable in Anti-Aircraft with its many auxiliary instruments. There is a fairly strong and obvious difference between the type of man needed for operating heavy or light guns, and the type best suited for controlling delicate and costly predictors (worth £5,000 each), height-finders and radiolocation apparatus (known to the Army as G.L.). Aircraft-recognition, largely an instinct or gift like water-divining, is a latent ability in a few people, not necessarily dependent on good eyesight: somehow it must be discovered and brought out.

One meets a few unfortunate exceptions, such as a linguist speaking four Balkan tongues engaged on sanitary fatigues; but in general I would say in all sincerity that the Army makes more effort than ever before to use the talents at its disposal, such as they are.

The *first selection test* is largely a matter of commonsense and quick reaction. Do you get flustered easily? or lose your temper? Can you execute a simple order in a limited time? You are given two seconds, perhaps, to write down 'any two even numbers between five and sixteen', or to put a cross inside a circle so that it doesn't fall within an intersecting triangle.

The *second* series of tests reminds me of my Montessori kindergarten. You are given various geometrical figures with pieces missing from them. A jumble of pieces, all numbered, is arrayed down the side of the paper, not necessarily the right way up and mixed with irrelevant shapes just to confuse you. You have to fit them in like a jigsaw puzzle. This is presumably to test your sense of shape: it tells the Army whether you will eventually be able to distinguish a Wellington from a Dornier, a Stuka from a Lysander.

The *third* series takes place in a special room full of weird machines and devices. Its atmosphere is a curious mingling of laboratory and amusement arcade. Test 1, for eyesight: a circle with one small nick in its circumference is revolved on the wall. You have to say at what o'clock the nick has stopped. You try it from five, ten and fifteen yards

away. Test 2: a map of a very irregular island traced in steel grooves. You must follow the outline round with a metal pencil as quickly *and* accurately as possible. Every time you graze the side of the groove, or slip outside it, a buzzer sounds and you lose marks. Notice that both speed and accuracy count: you must be neither too precipitate nor too painstaking. This tells the Army whether you will be any good at gun- or predictor-laying in pursuit of a wriggling enemy aircraft in the sky.

Similarly the third test of the third series finds out whether you will be able to 'lay' a predictor steadily, resisting the temptation to jerk the mechanism as the target twists and turns. This test consists of a steering-wheel operating a pointer which must be kept between rows of metal pins mounted on a revolving cylinder. The rows wriggle all over the place, and every time you go over the pins a buzzer angrily records your fault; and when you have passed the test once, the cylinder is geared to move suddenly faster or slower without warning, just to make everything more difficult the second time. I was solemnly informed by an attendant subaltern that the machine revealed me as 'impatient, impulsive and over-emotional'.

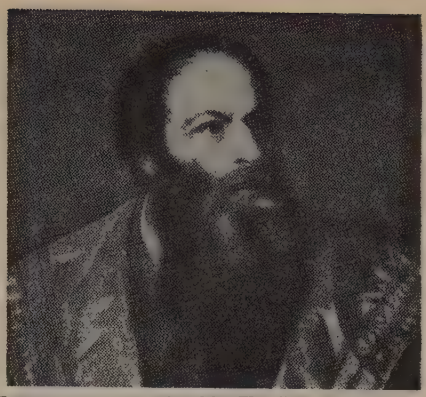
Fourth and last is the 'spotting' test. You look into a kind of magic lantern and are shown a series of slides—two seconds each. Every slide is a photograph of a stretch of country with a distant airplane somewhere in the sky. Your job is to strain your eyes and jot down how many planes you think you can see, and in what quarter of the photo, within the two-second limit.

All very elaborate. Of course, what actually happens is that the quieter, frailer, brainier lads turn out to be instrument numbers and the dumb toughs go on the guns; you and I could sort them out pretty well by instinct or on an educational basis. Still, it is reassuring to see the Army taking any trouble at all to sift its man power. And the sifting follows you through the Army: at your posting regiment you will find more of it. You will be medically re-examined, perhaps given special P.T. and diet to bump you up a category or two; perhaps given your discharge altogether; perhaps sent to the Army Psychiatrist to see whether you're daft or just a bundle of nerves; perhaps treated by a specialist at the army's expense. I know an OCTU candidate who had just taken his Inter B.Sc. when he joined up, and is being sent to Cambridge at the Army's expense to complete his degree so that he may take a commission in radiolocation.

Much of the grading and selection in the Sausage-Machine system will now pass into the Ministry of Labour's control. Whether it will continue in the same way, I do not know. Now that the A.T.S. are taking over A.A. instruments they are presumably going through the same process. The Army is moving at unprecedented speed, taking in more personnel than it can really accommodate, and exporting *chair à canon* all over the world. The slowness and difficulty of getting a transfer from one branch to another on the score of specialised ability is still responsible for a lot of square-peggery which the National Service selection tests may help to eliminate. Nevertheless the Army knows far more about you than you think it does; and that is something to tell people who complain that we are still fighting a 1914-style war.

SCOURGE OF PRINCES, FRIEND OF COURTESANS

The amazing Pietro Aretino



by PAUL TABORI

His life scandalised even the Renaissance into suppressing his work. But the rogue could write, and his 'Letters', at any rate, will not be forgotten

It is just about four hundred years ago that he stood at the zenith of fame and influence. Charles V, overlord of the Holy Roman Empire, dismounted and met him on foot on the plains of Lombardy—the same Emperor who did not even bother to get up from his throne when the Elector of Saxony took his leave after an audience. The Pope sent one messenger after another to entice him to Rome; and when at last he deigned to arrive, received him with a kiss at the Porta del Popolo. Ariosto called him 'divine Aretino, scourge of princes'. There were years when he made as much as a million *scudi* (about £50,000). Francis I of France sent him a heavy golden chain—and Aretino is still wearing it over his rich silken robes in the Titian picture which is today in the Palazzo Pitti. Francesco Berni, the secretary whom he sacked, was kicked out in turn by every Italian publisher when he offered them a satire against his former master. They were all terrified of Aretino. His books, whether pornographic poems or a biography of Holy Mary, sold in incredible quantities. *Il Collegio non posse far facer Pietro Aretino* was his proud boast.

He was powerful, rich, of excellent health. He rose at dawn and dashed off eighty to one hundred stanzas during the morning. Princes and prelates thronged his palace. The Sultan sent an ambassador to him, an African ruler surprised him with the gift of a trained monkey. While Aretino rose to fame, Tasso was starving in Ferrara; Sannazaro was living in exile on the banks of the Loire: Strozzi had been stabbed to death by Alphonso Duke D'Este for writing over-familiar poems to his wife, Lucretia Borgia; Bembo was read only by the aristocracy; and not even his closest friends knew of Michelangelo that he was a great poet. The Humanists had lost all popularity. But Aretino was the

famous, the great, the unsurpassable. In the evenings he walked with Titian and Sansovino under the recently built arcades of San Marco. Tired of Venice, he joined his friend Giovanni delle Bande Nere, the condottière grandson of the Medicis. In his camp he could eat and drink, sleep in a tent, forget about polished manners and gossip in the saddle about dukes, courtesans, saints and strategists. He himself was a condottière of literature, past master and arch-strategist of blackmail. Back in Venice he was free, happy and inviolable, enjoying in advance his future immortality.

For all this posterity punished him thoroughly. A few years after his death not even his name could be mentioned. The favourite of the Pope was put on the Index. His grave was made unrecognisable. Of his most famous book we have not a single original copy left. If his work was published somewhere in Holland or in Paris, his name was deleted from the title-page or camouflaged as an anagram. (I saw such a book entitled *Septem psalmi penitentiali, Vinegia*, 1558, in the Venetian San Marco Library, the name of the author being given as 'Partenio Etiro', a very transparent anagram. There cannot be any doubt about the authorship, yet it is not included in the list of Aretino's works.) His memory was everywhere eradicated, but he was still widely read. Brantôme, the French chronicler, tells of a Paris nobleman who was hopelessly in love with a young lady and had almost given up his suit when he discovered that she was keeping the *Figurae* of Aretino in her secret drawer. This, of course, made him sure that he would achieve his goal and win his way into the lady's bed. But gradually it became more and more dangerous to keep Aretino's books in your drawer, secret or otherwise.

During the Thirty Years War people had little inclination for reading Aretino, but in 1660 another edition of his Letters was published. Since then his spiritual legacy has been divided into two parts: the philosopher and playwright who is forgotten and the author of the pornographic *Conversations* who is still read. Not even the rococo revived him. He was too barbarian, too spicy, too robust. The nineteenth century merely knew his name; his works were inaccessible. But even his name was sufficient to unchain a storm of moral indignation. 'He surpasses in shamelessness almost everything in ancient and modern literature,' thundered the big German encyclopædia, republished in every decade of the nineteenth century. Count Gobineau presents Aretino as a clumsy blackmailer in his *Renaissance*. Burckhardt, the German æstheticist, says: '*Unfortunately*, the finest letters of the *Rinascimento* were written by Aretino'—forgetting that these fine letters might excuse much in the private life of their writer. Yet slander survived. Santi, an Italian essayist, declared in the preface of a recent Aretino edition that he had been the son of a courtesan named Tita, while he had never known his father; that he had attempted to blackmail even Michelangelo, and finally that he had laughed himself to death in 1557 at a banquet when someone told him about the amorous adventures of his, Aretino's, youngest sister. Very little of this was true. He certainly tried to blackmail Michelangelo into giving him a painting 'or even a sketch or a single stroke of your brush.' He was the son of an Arezzo cobbler, as he mentioned several times in his Letters. Aretino was not the man who would have denied his descent from a courtesan—especially as about half of the thrones of Italy were occupied by

bastards. As for the legendary manner of his death, the reports of his contemporaries give a clear refutation of Santi's version. His faithless disciple, Niccolo Franco, who was hanged by Pope Paul IV for his scurrilous verses, said that he had 'perished like a dog', but an unbiased witness, the French Ambassador to Venice, simply states: 'the famous Aretino passed away quietly in the spring of 1556 at the age of sixty-four.' Historians of literature, however, have not kept to facts in his case. No full-length biography of Aretino has been published in any language.

It is very difficult to resurrect the men of the Renaissance as living figures. Mereskovsky's *Leonardo da Vinci* is little more than a mass of data; Romain Rolland's *Michelangelo* was a failure, and even Freud failed to tackle successfully this giant. Hundreds of books have been written about the Borgias; Victor Hugo wrote the worst drama, Gregorovius the worst biography of this family; and Sabatini came nearest to solving their enigma. We have not a single really good play about the *Cinquecento*. The flood of biographies produced by the present fashion avoids the Italian Renaissance. When Goethe was asked to write about the Renaissance, he translated Benvenuto Cellini's autobiography. Thus it is more than difficult to present the figure of the cobbler's son from Arezzo.

We know that Aretino left his home early and went to Rome to try his luck. Here he wrote satires about the Cardinals and acquired considerable learning. About this time Adrian, Archbishop of Utrecht, was elected Pope; he was so much of a miser that the whole of Italy came to hate him. Aretino had composed a few sonnets to go with Giulio Romano's obscene drawings, which were engraved by Marcantonio Raimondi and sold by a well-known bookseller. The Pope got to know about the matter; Romano escaped prison with great difficulty, and Aretino had to fly. But Adrian VI died soon afterwards, to the great delight of the Romans. The house of the Papal physician was decorated with flowers and the inscription 'Liberator patriae, Senatus populusque Romanus'; Aretino was able to return to Rome. Soon he quarrelled with Clemence VII, the new Pope, and settled, after a lengthy peregrination, in Venice. This was the first, least significant phase of his life. He always looked back on his Roman days with a certain rueful melancholy.

Since his tongue was already a formidable weapon, he was in constant danger of being murdered at the behest of some insulted cardinal. He had no money, and even the courtesans were against him. In a later book, the *Conversations*, which he wrote against the 'puttana Romana', he tells a very characteristic story of how, carried away by passion, he embraced the ancient procuress who was describing to him in voluptuous detail a lovely courtesan who accepted his gifts but refused his advances.

Venetian courtesan, 1594. The 'pattens' reached dizzy heights

Gentlewoman, end of 16th century. The fashion of the prominent bust (or in modern American, 'cleavage')

He must have had similar adventures in Rome by the dozen. He was the young man who had to pay 'double rates' to the courtesan who spent the night of Good Friday with him—because she, being pious, wanted to have some compensation for the doubly mortal sin she was committing. After many a misadventure he felt that he had to fly from this city where his poverty, his turncoat policies, his sycophantism and his misfired amorous extravagances were so well known. In Venice he arrived as a great and popular author. Here he could confess bluntly that he was the son of the Arezzo cobbler and that only his talent had lifted him so high. *Per divina grazia uomo libero . . . Io mi rido dei pedanti*—he wrote of himself. Venice was the freest city of Italy. Of course, if someone has read Casanova or has seen the *piombi*, he may think differently—but only because the prisons of Rome or Florence are not in the programme of the tourists. Venice was ruled by aristocracy but—in spite of the naive and generally accepted conception—this rule was rather moderate. The towns which Venice had conquered never revolted against her rule. The fleshpots of the great republic provided rich nourishment for all classes.

This 'paradise on earth'—it was his own name for it—served for thirty years as Aretino's home. He lived in a fine palace, made millions, 'but often sat naked in his room because he gave his last garment to the poor', as one of his contemporaries records. He, the great blackmailer—in contrast to his present-day imitators—used extortion in order to be able to *give*, and he did not know the well-known psychosis of the new rich. Of course, he did not lack amorous adventures. But how different these were from his Roman escapades! Venice was an orderly city in which courtesans published a printed professional list giving their addresses and rates. Aretino grew tired of them and fell in love with the wife of one of his servants. For years they lived together; then she ran away and soon became completely destitute. After a few years, grown prematurely old and very ill, she knocked again on Aretino's door. The poet took her in, spent months nursing her and, when tuberculosis ended her life, paid for her funeral. One of his finest letters was written when he sat close to her coffin while the gondoliers took it across the autumnal lagoon to the Isle of the Dead. He only discussed the colour of the water and his childhood memories in the letter; he did not mention the coffin which he used as a writing-desk.

Then, years later, followed his last and perhaps platonic love affair with Angelica Zaffetta. Angelica was a Venetian courtesan, made famous—or notorious—by her adventure with Lorenzo Veniero. Lorenzo was the son of the famous Maffeo Veniero, author of the *Puttana errante*, the only existing copy of which is in the Paris Bibliothèque Nationale. For a time Lorenzo was Angelica's lover. When she broke with him, Veniero planned revenge; he pretended to be resigned to merely platonic friendship with Angelica and after a few months invited her to sup with him in Burano.

In a small inn he gave her a sumptuous dinner with plenty to drink—and Angelica drank too much. Veniero put her to bed in a spacious bedroom and took gratis what he had had to pay for so heavily in the past and what the courtesan had denied him recently even for much money. Then he sent his men with bugles and drums to proclaim all over Burano and the neighbouring fishing villages that in the inn 'To the Three Sailors' the most expensive and most beautiful harlot of Venice was awaiting customers—free of charge. By midnight there were hundreds of men in the courtyard of the inn. They were admitted one by one. Veniero was sitting on top of a ladder in the bedchamber chalking up on the wall the score. By dawn there had been seventy-three. By dawn, too, Angelica was sobered; Veniero had her thrown out by his servants. She dragged herself to the harbour and was rowed home to her mother who put her to bed and sent for doctors.

In order to complete the cruel joke, Veniero composed a poem entitled *Zaffetta*, containing the details of the gruesome adventure and had it printed. The book was sold chiefly on the Rialto, beneath the windows of Signorina Angelica, who must have heard how the booksellers were shouting her name. The courtesan recovered and the poem—which ended with a fine outburst of moral indignation—had just the opposite effect to what Veniero planned. Angelica became the most famous courtesan of Italy. 'Pilgrims' came to visit her from as far afield as London and Constantinople. Aretino wrote several letters to her, among them one dated the 15th December 1537—in which he praised her brains, her knowledge and her great proficiency in the art of love.

Voi compartite si bene i basci, il toccar de le mani, i risi e le dormiture, che non si ode mai querelare nè bestemmiare nè lagnar ninno. . . .

Angelica *was* well educated and clever. She gave up the profession of courtesan before she had grown too old for it. She opened a *salon* where the guests were refreshed with exotic fruit, red wine of Shiraz—and sonnets. Aretino, Sansovino and Titian were frequent visitors. When most of her contemporaries were dead, about the end of the sixteenth century, after the Victory of Lepanto, she was still to be seen at sunset in a gondola on the Canale Grande, sitting in a red silk dress at the side of the ninety-five-year-old Titian.

However much Aretino appreciated the intellect of courtesans, he thought little of his own erudition. He mentioned proudly in one of his Letters that he kept no books in his study. He would have liked to forget even what he learned in Rome. He, too, was already a reactionary to humanism, as was Rabelais. But—at least in his Letters and Plays—he did not want to be popular or simple, only sincere. To this extent he was a child of the Renaissance, with unlimited self-assurance. At the same time he was a pious Catholic, though he had just as little sympathy for monks and nuns as for Luther. For Charles V Luther was a

Gentlewoman, 16th century. The fashion of the prominent stomach

'Fair like a Venetian'—but the women of Aretino's time spent many hours on their balconies using the sun to bleach their hair

great enigma, for Aretino 'a vulgarian' —but this sufficed for him to refuse the German ex-monk's teachings.

Aretino never felt any pangs of conscience for his blackmailing activities. In one of his works he explained that all rulers had acquired power illegally and that it was only just and proper that those who could afford it should be forced to give. Spiritually he was high above our contemporary Italian journalists, who so often stoop to blackmail. Whatever he did was in grand style and when he died he left practically no estate.

His critical judgment was unfailing. It was he who made Titian famous all over Europe while the painter was still young; it was Aretino who procured for him commissions to paint portraits of the King of France and the German Emperor. Sometimes, however, his personal animosities influenced his judgment. To a certain extent he was responsible for Giorgione's early death. When Michelangelo did not answer his letters, he attacked him and almost denounced him to the Inquisition. For all this he felt no remorse—just like the Duke of Alba, who had massacred hundreds of thousands of Protestants, yet told his father confessor on his deathbed that apart from a few instances of excessive sensuality he could face his Maker without trepidation.

The great blackmailer, however, was a great writer. Apart from Machiavelli's *Mandragora* his were the best comedies of the Renaissance. With very slight changes they are all suitable for modern performance, and inoffensive to modern morals. I cannot defend Aretino's poetry. He was a better poet in prose. He succeeded only in few of his poems—chiefly two satirical parodies called *Capitoli*, the first directed against Albicante, a fifth-rate poet, the second against an Italian prince. The 'pasquinos' denouncing popes and cardinals would need years of study, filled as they are with obscure names and unexplained references. His many sonnets have little literary value. The *Conversations*, unhappily, are too obscene to print; but the six volumes of *Letters* which give an incredibly sharp picture of sixteenth-century social, artistic and political life, fall into a different category.

Two good autobiographies survive from sixteenth-century Italy: those of Cellini and Cardano. The first achieves its great success by its charming bragging and unconscious, self-betraying sincerity; the second hardly interests anyone except doctors and medical experts. If Aretino's *Letters* were better known, their popularity would be equally assured, and they would take their place in the highest rank of literature.

Films as Propaganda

by CEDRIC DAY

Good—but not good enough is Cedric Day's verdict on British propaganda films. He blames not the men in the 'documentary industry' but the Government policy which ties their hands

BRITISH propaganda films have one serious, all-important defect: they are concerned with the past and the present, but ignore the future. This is a serious failure in a world where the enemy of free men has announced, and is constantly hammering home, his plans for the future. So serious, indeed, is this lack of policy of the British Government that it might well be disastrous.

At times members of the British Government have hinted rather than stated what they hope will be achieved after the war. Recently C. B. Attlee, speaking at the International Labour Conference, New York, said: 'We are determined that economic questions and questions of universal improvements of standards of living and nutrition shall not be neglected, as they were after the last war, owing to preoccupation with political problems.'

Attempts have been made to persuade the M.O.I. Films Division, the Government Department chiefly responsible for Britain's propaganda films, that the time has come to show people what they are fighting for. Boldly tackled, such films could show British people, and the world, what Britain seeks to achieve after the war.

The need for expansion in use of propaganda films and for the bolder, broader policy behind them is felt keenly by those chiefly responsible for their production. Recently, a group of documentary film producers made a demand for films under two headings: world strategy; war tactics and war policy of Great Britain and her empire.

Leaders in all walks of life declare that the present film propaganda efforts are not good enough. Examination reveals that the policy to date at M.O.I. succeeds only in producing a series of uncoordinated films. The nearest approach to co-ordination is the link-up between M.O.I. shorts and current publicity campaigns conducted by one of the various ministries. Occasionally documentaries score a big success, as with 'Men of the Lightship', 'Britain can take it', 'Christmas Under Fire', and 'Target for To-night'. But all these are incidental; they are not the outcome of a well-planned propaganda campaign.

This failure cannot be blamed on film producers; the fault lies in the policy behind the films. The M.O.I. programme calls for a minimum production of one short film a week, plus non-theatricals and those that are commercially released. Of course, Government Departments tell M.O.I. from time to time that they need a film support for this or that drive, but that is about as near to

Jack Beddington, able and enthusiastic head of the film department at the M.O.I.

planned film propaganda it has reached so far. There is no master plan of campaign at all.

As at present constituted, the work of the Films Division M.O.I. falls principally into three sections: production of films for release in this country through ordinary cinemas; production and showing of non-theatrical films through M.O.I.'s country-wide organisation; preparation of foreign language version and shipment of all films, whether features or specially produced films or newsreels, to all parts of the world not enemy occupied.

Since August 1940, either through its own production set-up, the Crown Film Unit, or through independent production companies, the Films Division has released 141 films, varying in length from five minuters to full length features. By arrangement with the Cinematograph Exhibitors' Association these shorts are supplied free to cinemas throughout the country. Films such as 'Target for To-night' and 'Men of the Lightships' are commercially released.

In addition to the shorts exhibited in ordinary cinemas, the Division produces special films for release through its non-theatrical section. One hundred mobile cinema units have their own projector screens and generators: the Central Film Library loans films, free of charge, for use by institutions and societies.

Overseas distribution of films by M.O.I. is assuming important proportions. They now have a scheme whereby all suitable films produced by the Division are adapted to showing abroad. In addition, a number specifically produced or purchased are shown abroad. Such films are now regularly exported to countries speaking Arabic, French, Portuguese, Spanish, Turkish, Persian and Dutch.

The Films Division co-operates and co-ordinates activities of newsreel companies, working in agreement through the Newsreel Association. When this method of distribution appears most efficient, the Division supplies the companies with special material and arranges for dispatch of reels abroad.

Here are a few statistics about the Films Division, covering the period since August 1940:

Films produced for free release ..	59
Films acquired for free release ..	6
Films produced for commercial release	11
" " overseas release only	12
" " non-theatrical release	53
Total footage of films produced ..	123,443
Monthly despatch of films supplied by Central Film Library (average)	6,500
Number of audiences to which mobile units play in twelve months (approx.)	5,000,000
Number of shows given by mobile units in twelve months (approx.)	30,000
Number of films despatched weekly overseas .. .. (average)	150

The second main body in British documentaries is the British Council. Not all their films are seen in Britain because they are produced for overseas exhibition.

The British Council tends to show the world traditional Britain. Few of their films—or little of their other propaganda—presents advanced thought in Britain. Many Council films have been fiercely slated by young and vigorous members of the documentary film industry as wishy-washy, upper middle class and 'frightfully decent'. These critics claim that the Council has failed ignominiously to present modern Britain in its social, economic, political and cultural phases, and that the war is almost ignored.

The British Council's function is very different from that of M.O.I. The Council, in a wide sense, is supposed to spread among the people of the world more knowledge about Britain—the history and background of Britain rather than existing and future Britain. Here the critics are bitter, urging that the Council should show more of the vigorous, forward thinking elements in the country.

Perhaps the Foreign Office influence on the Council is too strong, too eager to stress the traditional outlook, too cautious in dealing with the task of 'telling the world', and too much on the 'nice' side of everything. None the less, in film propaganda the Council have done, and are doing, good work.

Although the Film Department now arranges for most of their films to be made, a certain number are either part financed by them or bought from independent producers. For example, some of the big commercial concerns, such as the Petroleum Films Bureau, the railways, the G.P.O., and so on, produce documentaries which are used by the Council. In 1940, for instance, the Council had 110 films available for distribution. Of these only 41 were actually commissioned at the start by the Council.

Here is an analysis of the subjects covered by the films:

Commerce and industry	17
Communications and transport	9
Countryside and town	18
Defence services	4
London	5
Miscellaneous	10
Physical Training	2
Social Services	6
Technical	9
Zoo	4
Silent Films	26
	110

The Council each week also make a newsreel entitled 'British News' for distribution to the Colonial Empire. Each of the five British newsreel companies, working in rotation, produces 'British News'. The reel is longer than the ordinary newsreel. What shall go in is determined by an editorial committee, selecting items from the ten commercial reels to make up this composite reel.

The British Council use Technicolor films in their propaganda. Perhaps the most outstanding of these to date is 'Queen Cotton', produced by Merton Park Studios, directed by Cecil Musk, script by Terence Egan Bishop, photography by Jimmy Rogers. The film tells the story of Lancashire's cotton industry, and ranks among the best trade propaganda yet issued from Britain. Reports on foreign audiences show evidence of favourable reaction.

'The Green Girdle' is another technical short which has scored world-wide success. This is a film about London's open spaces, made by Strand Films (Producer, Basil Wright; director, Ralph Keene). The Technicolor in this film is said by authorities to be the best yet produced anywhere in the world.

Perhaps the best evidence of the

quality of 'Queen Cotton' and 'The Green Girdle' is that they have more than paid production costs—a remarkable achievement by documentaries.

Some idea of the range of subjects covered by the Council's films may be gained through the following titles: 'Architects of England', which deals with past and present architecture in this country; 'City Bound', a film of London's transport system; 'Land of Inventions', a picture about famous Scottish inventors; 'Sea Scouts', the story of British youth carrying on the sea tradition; and 'The Colour of England', a technical film about the pottery industry. These and a score of other films cover Britain's social, economic and cultural life.

Examination of both M.O.I. and British Council film policies shows that they fail from the progressive view-point. No people are more keenly aware of this shortcoming than those responsible for production of the films—the men in the documentary industry. They are always pressing for a bolder, more vigorous policy.

A big and powerful group in the industry is Merton Park Studios. Working for this company are some of the outstanding figures in the documentary world—Harold Purcell, the chief scenario editor; George Posford, the composer; and such notable directors and scenarists as Terence Egan Bishop, Cecil Musk, Montgomery Tully, and H. D. Wilson.

Two important companies are Strand Films and Verity Films. Donald Taylor, one of the best-known documentary figures, is head of Strand. Verity are headed by Sydney Box. Other outstanding figures in the documentary industry are John Taylor, Paul Rotha, Andrew Buchanan, Bruce Woolfe, George Turner, and so on.

In addition to these individual companies there is, of course, the official unit, Crown Films, a development of the old G.P.O. unit. It is now, in effect, the M.O.I. film company and has been responsible for some of the outstanding documentaries of the war.

These are some of the concerns and men responsible for Britain's home and foreign propaganda on the screen. They know that, given the chance, they could produce films which would do far more to sway world opinion than the films so far made. If the film propaganda of Britain is to be improved, the Government should hear the suggestions which these men can make, and even consult them before determining future policy.

Still from earliest film propaganda, directed against pacifism. It depicts the entrance to an international peace conference in 1898, and was produced by George Melier

Switzerland

What part will she play in the future?

by GOTTFRIED J. KELLER

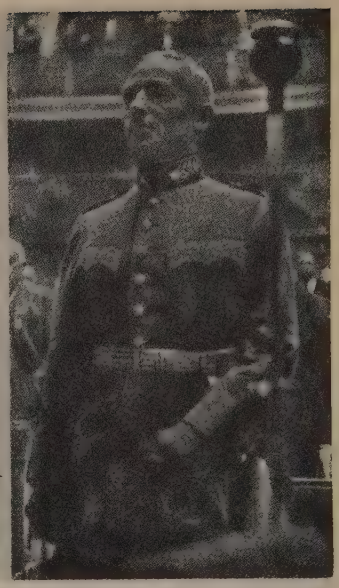
The distinguished author of this article is the London Correspondent of the Swiss Telegraph Agency and of the 'Basler Nachrichten', as well as President of the Foreign Press Association in London. He knows what is happening in Switzerland today; he knows what is likely to happen there tomorrow. What of our propaganda?

We Swiss in London are often asked whether our country will be attacked during this War. It is, of course, difficult to reply to such a question. No one knows the mind of those who might one day press a certain button and attack yet another small country whose policy is strict, but firm, armed neutrality. We can only say that it is certainly not likely that Switzerland will be attacked with armed forces, though it must be admitted that a certain economic pressure has been brought to bear on the country, and also that there have been numbers of propagandistic attacks by means of Press and radio.

Attempts have been made by the Axis powers to change the Swiss conception of neutrality into one which suits the Axis neighbours of Switzerland; in other words, to change our time-honoured conception of State neutrality (which leaves the individual free to think what he wants to think and to express his opinions within reasonable limits, but which binds the authorities of the Confederation to act in a strictly neutral way, not favouring either of the belligerent groups) into some kind of totalitarian neutrality. The aim of such attempts, which have been politely but very firmly rebuked, is, of course, clear. A neutrality of the totalitarian kind would be most easily manageable and manœuvrable by those in whose interest it is to manage and manœuvre it.

All such attempts have failed. The Swiss know that to yield even in minor political matters might lead to rapid developments and disastrous consequences. Thus all hints to the effect that the Swiss Press should be muzzled have been of no avail. Other hints, for example the one that the Army should be demobilised, have fallen on deaf ears. To-day 250,000 men are guarding the frontiers of the country day and night, and the number could be more than doubled within a few hours. The question whether the country would still defend itself, if attacked, is tantamount to an insult to every Swiss. General Guisan's famous order of the day still holds good. It commanded every officer and soldier

They guard the frontiers of freedom—
Swiss Alpine soldiers who are wonderful skiers



The man who commands them—
General Guisan, C.-in-C. Swiss Army

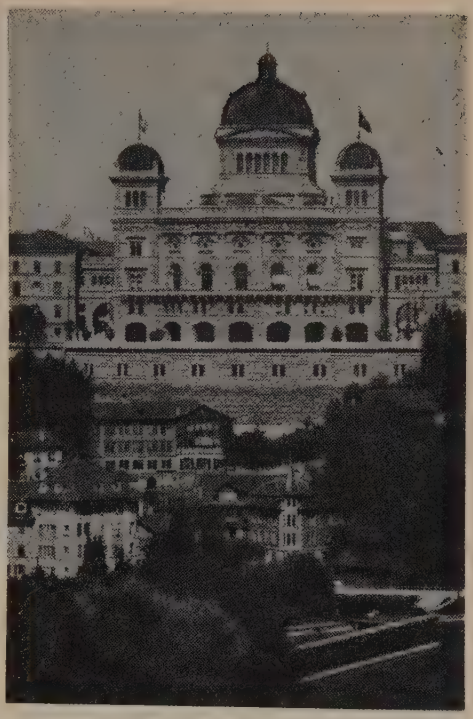
of the Swiss armed forces to disobey the civil authorities if they should ever issue instructions not to resist an aggressor. There have been yet more hints of varied characters, for example, that Allied Legations in Berne should be closed down, as the countries involved no longer existed. The Legations are still in Berne. If ever some group has shown a certain readiness to 'think it over', there have at once been violent reactions in the whole country, and an examination of the leading articles in the Press, and in those periodicals which really represent Swiss public opinion, shows that, with really few exceptions, the Swiss population is certainly not ready to change its ways of living and to abandon its democratic principles.

Certain German newspapers have compared Switzerland to a hedgehog. The comparison is a very good one and we can only be proud of it. It shows that if ever some subtle propagandist tries to win the country over by charm or gentle stroking, out come the prickly thorns.

The reasons why Switzerland is not likely to be attacked now are manifold. Firstly, it would serve no military purpose whatever. An attack on Switzerland would only increase public indignation and, in any case, it would not be a walk-over once the Alps became the centre of the fighting. Secondly, Switzerland is, despite her free Press and hostility to totalitarian ideas, very useful as she is. The Gotthard, Loetschberg and Simplon Railways are very valuable links between the two Axis States, all the more as the Brenner, which is the only direct railway between the two powers concerned, is only a one-track line, and not very useful for handling heavy goods. The Swiss are, of course, not transporting any war material, as this would not be compatible with the declared State neutrality of the Confederation, but they are transporting coal, foodstuffs and other goods

to a very considerable degree. The Gotthard, Loetschberg and Simplon passes are three of the longest tunnels in the world. They are very heavily mined and dynamited and the first sign of an attack against the country would send these tunnels sky high. Any possible aggressor knows this, of course, and the possession of these railway lines is a very valuable trump card in our hands. In addition, Switzerland is a news and information centre; she is looking after German interests in London—a job which involves much more skill, tact and work than is generally realised!—and, moreover, she is the centre of Red Cross activities, and thus performs a very noble and honourable function.

It is no secret that the economic position of the country is pretty bad. Switzerland has today to struggle in order to get her most vital foodstuffs, not only through the blockade, but through the counter-blockade of Germany. The British Ministry of Economic Warfare allows Switzerland imports sufficient to replenish her larder for two months. But the export position is very bad, the hotel industry is dead, and much of what Switzerland used to produce in abundance like milk, butter, cheese and other milk products, has to be used as a means of export barter in order to get coal to keep the industries going and avoid unemployment. German spokesmen have of late said that Switzerland is nothing else but a nation of four million prisoners of war who even look after themselves. There is, of course, a distinctly unfriendly sting in such a statement, but it is true that the economic position has forced Switzerland to conclude a trade agreement with Germany which she would certainly not have concluded had she not been compelled to. The British Ministry of



The seat of the Swiss Federal Government at Berne

Economic Warfare at once reacted by stopping navicerts for all goods except foodstuffs, a policy which it is not my intention to attack. In consequence Swiss industries are today working by drawing on existing stocks, and as soon as these have been exhausted there looms the shadow of unemployment. It can and must, of course, be argued that unemployment should at all costs be avoided, for unemployment means public discontent, and public discontent is an ideal foundation for political agitators to work on.

The food situation in Switzerland is not too bad. Meat, rice, butter, milk, cheese, sugar and many other foodstuffs—as well as clothing material, shoes, etc.—are fairly strictly rationed, only potatoes and bread being still unrestricted. There is a very distinct scarcity of fuel

and in general only one room in each household can be heated this winter. Petrol is practically impossible to get; only doctors, diplomats and state officials are allowed to run their motor-cars. The result is that, for the first time in many years, the railways and trams have begun to run on a profit basis.

There are quite a considerable number of Allied troops interned in Switzerland. The main contingent are the Poles; they number roughly 15,000. They are very much liked by the population. They are allowed the greatest possible liberty; some attend lectures and courses at universities and technical schools, while others help to cultivate the fertile soil of the country. The acreage under cultivation was, at the beginning of the war, roughly 440,000 acres. Today it has reached the 600,000 mark, and it is hoped to reach the 800,000 mark soon. Flower gardens have, of course, had to be sacrificed for this; even woods have been chopped down for fuel.

Personally, though the Swiss are above all pro-Swiss, I do not doubt for one moment where the sympathies of the Swiss lie. There may be some things which the Swiss do not understand about the English, but their admiration for the way the British 'took' the bombing has been overwhelming. I cannot recollect any letter I have received from my country since the Blitz started which did not express some sentiments of admiration for British bravery.

The Swiss people know, of course, that their country, in its present shape, which has been developing steadily in every respect since the Confederation was formed 650 years ago, can only survive the present turmoil if the Allies win. The Swiss are eager radio listeners and newspaper readers, and our dispatches from London are very widely read and discussed. As our daily output is limited by treasury considerations, Allied propaganda—propaganda in the sense of conveying an unbiased, true picture of the state of affairs—would be strengthened in Switzerland by means of wiring topical photographs to our papers. Another point which must be borne in mind is that our opposite numbers in Berlin and Rome still use the telephone to send their dispatches. As we Swiss correspondents in London have to send all and everything by cable, and cables are often delayed, our counterparts are in a much more favourable position. If the Ministry of Information (which, it must in fairness be said, helps neutral correspondents wherever it can) could perform the miracle of wiring pictures not only to Moscow, but also to Berne, and of installing wireless-telephone connection with Switzerland, much more could be done.

Of late a very widespread interest in what is often called the 'Swiss system of democracy' has begun to manifest itself. Political groups discussing peace aims and problems of reconstruction after the war have sent representatives to Swiss newspaper men in London in order to get a clear picture of the Swiss constitution, our democratic principles, and our system of combining four distinct groups of population with four languages within one state. Many people think that what is commonly called the 'Swiss system' could be adapted to some future European Union or Federation. Whether this is possible or not must be left to others to decide, but in favour of such an adaptation Switzerland is certainly the living example of a mixture of 'minorities' who never quarrel with each other.

2

SCIENCE FRONT

BETTER DRUGS FOR BIGGER BUGS

MOST people nowadays have got it firmly into their heads that epidemics of disease are due to germs—bacteria, as the scientist calls them when he is being professional, or bugs, as he usually says when off the record. But that is only part of the story. An average bacterium measures a thousandth of a millimetre across, but there are both smaller and larger infective agents. The smaller are the viruses, such as those for influenza or small-pox; they are about ten times smaller (linearly). And about ten times bigger than the average bacterium, there are the Trypanosomes, the causative agents for sleeping sickness, kala-azar, and a number of other tropical diseases. They are big enough to be seen in fair detail with good microscopes, and we know that they have quite an elaborate structure. They are sack-like or cigar-shaped creatures, with a filament which they can waggle and a thin fin-like membrane, by which they swim; and inside there is always a special round blob of jelly called the nucleus, and various granules and so on.

In the last year or two, science has discovered a new weapon against the bigger bugs; and this may be very important as the war spreads into the Far East and perhaps into tropical Africa.

The way these new drugs were developed is a good example of how research is done these days. Some workers under Professor Warrington Yorke at the Liverpool School of Tropical Medicine got the first hint. After testing a large and varied collection of substances, they found that one of them, technically known as a diamidine, was rather poisonous to the sleeping sickness 'germ'. A big research team under Dr. Ewins, of the famous firm of May and Baker, immediately took the matter up. Yorke's active substance had two chemically-reactive groups of atoms held together by a rather unreactive chain. Ewins's team manufactured a large number of similar substances, with the same active groups but different chains; and Yorke tested them out on mice infected with sleeping sickness. Two or three of them turned out to be much better than the old arsenical compounds, since they kill off the 'germs' without doing much harm to the patient. The 'patients' were mice, of course; but there has already been time to try out the best drugs on a few men suffering from tropical diseases, and so far the results have been very good.

OTHER EYES THAN OURS

Is the world *really* just what we think it looks like? Or is it only our eyes which make it seem like that? Philosophers have debated such questions for centuries. But we can now investigate the behaviour of an animal to which the world looks rather unlike anything we ever see.

As most people know, the white light of the sun can be split up by a prism into a spectrum of colours. A normal man can distinguish about 150 different hues in it, ranging from red through yellow, green and blue to violet; beyond the violet lies the ultra-violet, which tans our skins but which we cannot see. Now you can find out what colours a bee sees; you offer the bee a checkerboard of different colours, with a little honey on a square of a particular colour, and if the bee can distinguish that colour, he becomes trained always to go to that colour first. It turns out that bees do not distinguish nearly as many hues as we do. Red, orange, yellow and green all look alike to them; they are one colour, 'bee-yellow'. A different colour is 'bee-green', which includes what we see as various types of bluish-green. And a bee also sees 'bee-blue', which includes the blues and violets. But the really odd thing is that it sees another colour which we don't, in the ultra-violet.

Of course, there is no way of telling what this colour looks like; but we can perhaps get a slight hint. To our eyes, certain colours are 'complementary'; that is to say, if you mix them you get a sort of grey. Thus red is complementary to green, and yellow to violet. Now bee-yellow is complementary to bee-blue, as one might expect. And the ultra-violet colour is complementary to bee-green.

This system of vision would produce a pretty queer-looking world. Red and yellow flowers would look the same in hue (though probably not in shade) as the green leaves. Some things which look black to us, but which reflect some ultra-violet light, would look coloured 'ultra-violet' to bees. On the other hand, things would look white only if they reflected all the bee-visible light; and we know that some of our white flowers do not reflect ultra-violet and so would look bee-green to the bees.

The world does not, indeed, look the same to the bees' eyes as it does to ours. So what is the world *really* like? The answer, surely, is that by

looking at the world with our eyes we have been able to describe its colours in terms of wave-lengths of light, and we find that this same description is adequate to describe what the bee sees. So what our eyes have told us about the world is not wrong: it is merely not complete; and the same is true of what the bee learns about its world. The 'real' world is both of them, man-world and bee-world together.

A NEW WAY WITH METALS

THE basic methods of making things out of metal remained the same from the Bronze Age till a few years ago. Essentially there were two processes: the molten metal was poured into moulds of the right shape, or the metal was heated and hammered on a forge. Not very long ago, the extrusion method was introduced; the semi-solid metal was squeezed through an aperture of the right shape, like toothpaste out of a tube, and the temperature was adjusted so that it cooled quickly enough to keep the shape impressed on it.

Now one more method seems likely to come into general use. If a metal is powdered, and the powder compressed in a mould, it coheres into a solid lump. This is still rather weak, but it can be strengthened by 'sintering', which consists in baking it at some temperature well below its melting point. The finished product has several advantages. It is still rather porous. If the pores remain full of air, the lump is much lighter than a normal casting. But the part can be soaked in oil, which seeps into the pores; and an oil-treated gear, for instance, remains self-oiling for a long period. The process is being employed for various parts of car engines in the United States; small parts so far, as the pressures needed are very large, but bigger presses are being made, and the use of 'powder metallurgy' is likely to grow.

ATOM SMASHING AND MEDICINE

'ATOM smashing', as the stunt press calls it, has become a fairly routine business nowadays, thanks to that ponderous instrument, the cyclotron. Physicists have started to consider whether any practical use can be made of the substances whose atoms they have been knocking about. Dr. John Lawrence, of California, the brother of the inventor of the cyclotron, has recently reported very encouraging results obtained in certain diseases with phosphorus which had been made radio-active in that apparatus. In one disease there is an abnormal multiplication of the cells in the bone-marrow which grow into the red blood corpuscles. Now rapidly growing cells need a great deal of phosphorus. If there is radio-phosphorus in the body, it is the new growing cells which absorb most of it; and when the phosphorus atoms explode (that is what we mean by saying that they are radio-active) they kill the cells containing them. Thus a fairly small dose of radio-phosphorus has a big effect in killing the over-active blood cells, and does only very little harm to the rest of the body. Radio-active iodine can be used in the same way. It is absorbed mainly by the thyroid gland in the neck, which, when it becomes over-active, gives rise to goitre. It is claimed that by adjusting the dose, a thyroid which is too large can be painlessly reduced by any required amount, without an operation. And there are probably many more such tricks waiting to be discovered.

'PERCHINES'

NATURE is never static. Even woods and lakes undergo slow processes of development and change if left to themselves. Often the changes are harmful, from the human point of view. For instance, a hundred or so years ago, Lake Windermere, and many other English lakes, were full of brown trout and char, which gave rise to a prosperous fishing and sporting industry; but as the lake has gradually silted up, and the water become enriched by the influx of sewage, which acts as manure, these valuable fish have been largely driven out and replaced by perch and pike. The perch, in fact, have multiplied so much that they are now so crowded that they never grow very large, but remain as shoals of little fellows which were, until recently, just an unmitigated nuisance for which no use could be found.

The laboratories of the Freshwater Biological Association are at Wray Castle, on the shores of Lake Windermere, and Dr. Worthington, the director, has been trying to find some way of dealing with the perch. He has been pretty successful. For some months in the summer, they swim into the shallower parts of the lake, and while in those regions they are easily trapped. It is only necessary to put down a wire-netting trap, without any bait, and, taking it up two days later, catches of as many as 500 fish may be made. The fish are tiny, about 1 ounce each in weight; but there are so many of them that the catch per trap averaged about 8½lb. a trap per night. Moreover, the fish can be used. British Fish Canners Ltd. are putting them up in tins like pilchards, and marketing them as 'Perchines (Lakeland Perch)'.

THE 'NEW ORDER' IN POLAND
Thousands have been executed without trial, hundreds of thousands sent to Germany to slave for the 'Herrenvolk'

The German 'New Order' from within

by Dr. Z. GRABOWSKI

Dr. Z. Grabowski, the distinguished Polish journalist and author, analyses the fake 'New Order' and its representatives, using startling new information to prove the falseness of German claims for constructive planning, when all they have done is to organise destruction and plunder

A FEW weeks ago the German radio broadcast an item which may have passed unobserved. The item intimated that Herr Kube is to be Governor of the White Russia province with Minsk as its capital. Everybody who knows the intricacies of Nazi Germany remembers that Herr Kube, one of the influential Gauleiters, disappeared suddenly in 1935. It was rumoured at the time that he had been guilty of embezzlement and that the Party Supreme Court sentenced him to death, and had him shot.

Now Herr Kube re-emerges as Governor of the newly-created White Russia province, which obviously is not included in the Ostland area, where Herr Lohse is Governor. We are not concerned with the mysterious story of the reappearance of Herr Kube. What is of interest to us is the fact that a new province, White Russia, has been created,

and that its relation to the 'Ostland', which apparently comprises Lithuania, Latvia, and Esthonia, is rather vague and undefined. The Germans are creating in the Eastern areas new administrative units; at the same time General Governor Frank is making in Cracow rather important announcements about the future of this part of Poland. Dr. Frank at last admits frankly that he succeeded during his two years of rule there in transforming it into a huge base for the attack on the Soviet Union. At the same time he promises the issue of a new stamp with an inscription: 'Deutsches Reich—General Gouvernement', which is to serve as an indication that this part of Poland must be considered not only 'an area of the influence of the Reich', *Bestandteil des deutschen Machtbereiches*, but also an integral part of the Reich.

NO PLAN

In reading all these pronouncements one concludes that actually there is no political plan behind the German moves and that Germany is juggling freely with different areas. There is no clear-cut plan behind the creation of the 'Ostland' area and the separation of it from the White Russia province. In the domain of Eastern Galicia there is to be found the same lack of any plan. The Ukrainian trump card, which figured so prominently in past years, is entirely dropped. It seems that Berlin is bitterly disappointed by the lack of support for its ideas among the Ukrainians, and is arriving at the sad conclusion that the German Secret Service, recruiting many of its personnel from the Germans who used to live in the Ukraine, blundered heavily when promising such support among the Ukrainian masses.

Is there any elaborate and preconceived plan behind all these moves, or are they made in a more or less haphazard way? It appears that sometimes the interests of one or another Nazi 'boss' overshadow the interests of the Reich. Some of the Nazi administrators, Dr. Frank for instance, are displaying all the characteristics of Roman delegates or proconsuls. They would like to possess a province of their own, where they would be able to give vent to their ambitions and immense greed for power.

WHAT IS THE 'NEW ORDER'?

I am reminded of this when I read a letter, received recently from a friend of mine living in Switzerland. He frequently meets Germans, who come to Switzerland on business and who discuss with him the problems of to-day's Europe. Some of his remarks seem so pertinent and so *juste à point* that I do not hesitate to quote them here:

'. . . An intelligent German, whom I have known for years, came recently to our town and discussed eagerly with me some aspects of the world today. In a moment of sincerity he confessed that he does not know what this talk about a "new order" means. "We learn of such a phenomenon," he explained to me, "only when we leave our country. The foreign press is full of discussions about the *Neuordnung*, but for us Germans there is scarcely any new order. We live by order, by military order. For us there is only the work of conquering new countries, setting up new administrative authorities, sending new batches of Gestapo men. We see life in terms of soldiers, guns, police and spies. Mathematics, numbers: that is what we are dealing with, but we have no clear picture, no vision of any kind."

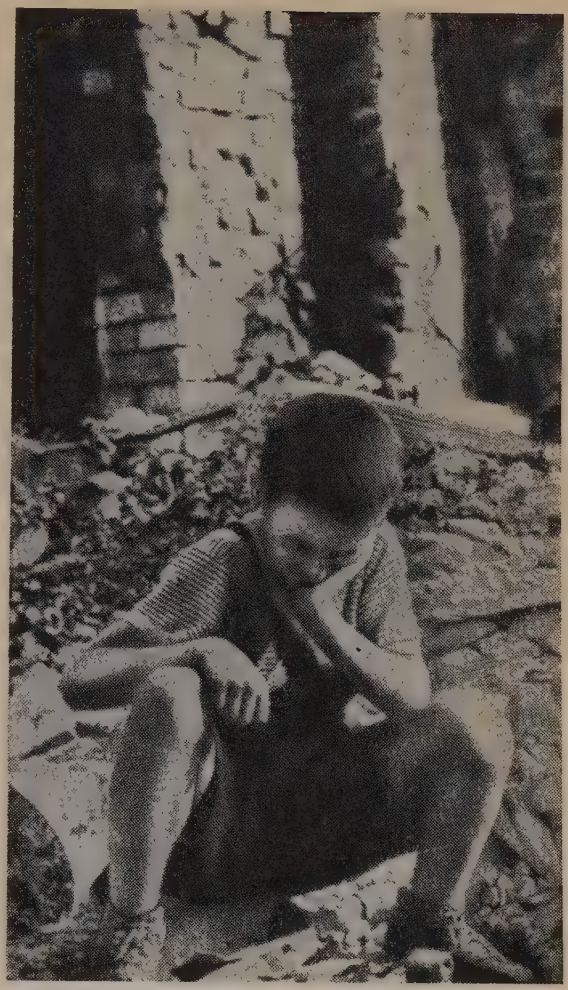
'. . . From our long discussion I gathered that deep in the German heart there is a feeling of guilt, of uneasiness,

the consciousness of crimes committed, a fear of retribution and a bitter conviction that there is no other course to be chosen, that the shadows have grown too long and that there is no retreat for the German nation.'

The Nazi 'new order' is not only a crude invention, but for the time being it is a mere façade which conceals a complete void of imaginative thought and lack of farsightedness. Numbers, mathematics, technical problems of administration, enormous tasks and burdens piled up in the most lighthearted way, are crushing any endeavour to perceive some guiding light.

It is only too obvious that the German 'new order' lacks the very factors essential to making it a real order. The Roman Empire, which offers the best example of a Continental power built by conquest, brought to foreign countries a higher culture, a better standard of living, the attraction of a better life. The Third Reich cannot offer a higher culture, because the Nazi revolution took place at the time when German culture was already in decline and the Nazis destroyed all the strongholds and centres of that culture. The Third Reich cannot offer to anybody a better standard of living because many countries—such as the Scandinavian States, Switzerland or Holland—achieved a higher pattern of life than Germany. There is finally no attraction about the German way of living and about Germans in general, which can work as a sort of powerful magnet for the Nazi 'new order'.

For all these reasons the German 'new order' remains a mechanical effort thrust upon the subjugated countries without any differentiation being made among them, without any imaginative effort to win the support of the occupied countries. Provinces and areas have been divided up, with no obvious economic reasons for their boundaries, just to satisfy the lifeless and mechanical greed of the administrative machine.



'WHAT SHALL BECOME OF HIM?'—*an orphaned Polish child among the ruins of his city*

But the greatest enemy of the German 'new order' is the fact that one cannot create an Empire at the pace of an American moving picture; one cannot supersede organic growth by speed and film effects.

A Permanent Theatre

by Professor EUGENE ROBERT

Professor Eugene Robert dreams of a Permanent Theatre in England. Since he produced English plays with outstanding success in Berlin, Vienna, Munich, Budapest, Amsterdam and elsewhere, he sees no reason why his dream should not materialise. Carried away by his enthusiasm and vigorous personality, the reader begins to share his faith

At present the Permanent Theatre of Britain—which I would call the Bernard Shaw Theatre is only a dream. And most unfortunately only a dream of mine. In point of fact, it would be much better for the idea itself if it were the dream of—let me say—the Duke of Norfolk; or perhaps of Lord Nuffield. (Certainly it would be a profitable dream to Messrs. Keith, Prowse and Co.) Since it is only my dream, I hope a personal *captatio benevolentiæ* is excusable.

When Hitler came to power I immediately decided to leave Germany for England. I not only left the place of all my activities, but also my very agreeable position, my fortune, my library—everything I had gained in many hard struggles. My friends advised me to go to Vienna, Budapest or Paris—and against London they had very strong and convincing arguments. I could not speak a single syllable of English, and I did not know a single soul outside the Continent. But through the English literature I knew the English mentality and did not hesitate a second.

After packing one big trunk, with 20 marks in my pocket and with the promise of the German State Bank that a further 2,000 marks would be sent to London (this promise was kept!) I asked my secretary to take my Hungarian passport to the British Consulate for the necessary visa. I was shocked when she came back with the unpleasant information that all visas to England were for the time being stopped and there was no hope of my using my berth on the sleeping-car on the following day.

Next morning a high official at the British Consulate received me with overwhelming courtesy.

'As a matter of fact it was a mistake yesterday. We did not realise that the visa was meant for you personally. I am sure you will accept our apologies.'

'Of course, I understand, Colonel. If all visas are stopped at the present——'

'They are stopped. But even so you have the right to go to England whenever you like.'

'I have a right?'

'Certainly. We know perfectly well how you have worked on England's behalf.'

'May I ask what you mean?'

The Colonel took a file from his desk. 'You started your career with *Mrs. Warren's Profession* by Bernard Shaw,' he said as he looked at it. 'You produced in Berlin, in Vienna, in Munich, ten or

twelve plays by Shaw. Probably more. Oscar Wilde's *Importance of Being Earnest* was twice a failure in Germany—in your theatre it was an outstanding success. And I shall never forget that impressive performance of *Outward Bound* by Sutton Vane . . .'

While he gave this flattering list of my merits, the Colonel filled my pockets with as many English cigarettes as they would hold, and then asked:

'For how long do you want a visa?'

'For how long would it be possible?'

'The maximum is twelve months.'

'Very well. Let us say twelve months.'

One hour later I left Berlin for ever and a day, and when—after a short stay in Holland—I arrived at Croydon, I was pretty well accustomed to English cigarettes.

This was in the spring of 1933.

I have often been asked what was my most memorable experience of the theatre. Strangely enough, this is not a difficult question. I saw all the great actors and actresses of my time (before I came to England). Naturally, everybody in Hungary, Austria, Germany, France. But also La Grammatica in Italy, Sir Beerbohm Tree in Berlin. In one of my Berlin theatres I had the privilege of greeting Sarah Bernhardt. And I had the happiness to greet in one of my Vienna theatres Eleonora Duse. (It was her last European appearance.)

In spite of this *embarras des richesses* of memories, it is an easy question and an easy answer. My greatest experience of the theatre—of all theatres in the world—I received from Stanislavsky and his Moscow Arts Theatre.

They visited Berlin before the World War (or should we call it the Dress Rehearsal of the World War?) and gave five different performances: two Russian historical plays; two plays of Tchekhov and one of Gorki. The German Emperor William II appeared at the first night in the uniform of a Russian General. This was a respect usually only paid to Sovereigns. But Stanislavsky and his company deserved to be treated like Royalties.

EUGENE ROBERT

It was three or four years later that I visited Moscow with the company from my Berlin theatre. (If somebody else told me this story, I would not even listen to such a fairy-tale: German actors directed by a Hungarian producer playing Bernard Shaw in Russia!) Stanislavsky showed me the empty Arts Theatre. It was in September. I will never forget this beautiful hour. First of all I noticed to my surprise that the stage was essentially larger than the whole auditorium. 'But

M. Antoine, one of the creators of the modern French stage who turned a group of amateur actors into the greatest repertory company of France

the stage is much more important,' smiled Stanislavsky. My second surprise was seeing in one corner ten or twelve soldiers. Not actors. Not supers either. Real soldiers. In genuine uniforms—with genuine weapons. My famous guide explained: 'We have here real crowns and sceptres and ermine gowns, and each piece is worth a fortune.' This argument did not convince me at all. The stage has to work with imagination; not with reality. Only politeness prevented my asking: 'What is the good of a golden crown for the King in *Hamlet* if the daggers and swords and poisons are only fakes?'

Now came the most unexpected surprise of my visit. Stanislavsky said: 'Here on the right is a very comfortable rehearsal room; I regret not to be able to show it to you, but a rehearsal started just an hour ago.' It was only natural to ask: 'What are you rehearsing?' And when I was told 'It is *The Blue Bird* by Maeterlinck,' it was also natural to hope that I might be present on this exciting first night. I was flabbergasted to hear that this very first night was fixed—for the second half of April! And they started with rehearsals in September!

(If somebody is doubtful about the outcome of the war in Russia, he should read this little story again and again.)

This was the secret of the Moscow Arts Theatre. This is the explanation of unprecedented and unparalleled triumphs of a small theatre many, many hundreds of miles away from London and Paris, from Berlin and Vienna, from all centres of officially acknowledged theatrical culture.

To avoid any misunderstanding: not the fact that it was possible to rehearse a play for eight months or even longer—rehearsals for Goethe's *Faust* lasted nearly two years—not this mere fact was the miracle. But all the consequences of this fact. The continuity of such a theatre; security for all concerned: for playwrights, actors, directors, designers; and not less important: continuity and security for the public. I once met in a train a Russian business man, who was living in St. Petersburg and who visited the Moscow Arts Theatre every year for a fortnight. He knew in summer that his tickets were reserved for February next, and he knew the plays and the cast of the plays he was going to see in six or eight or ten months' time.

As a matter of course, this theatre was sold out in advance *for the whole year!*

After this long introduction I may be brief. *I passionately advocate a Permanent Theatre in London.* This plan (or dream) has nothing in common with the National Theatre. For very good reasons. I hate dictatorship more bitterly than anybody else—in politics. But in the theatre dictatorship is the only serious possibility. (By the way: this is true in all arts. One cannot compose the Ninth Symphony on the instructions of a committee. No Ministry—not even with the best intentions—could advise Gainsborough on painting.) But the whole structure of a 'National' Theatre means committees, debates, and the patronage of a Ministry or several Ministries; in

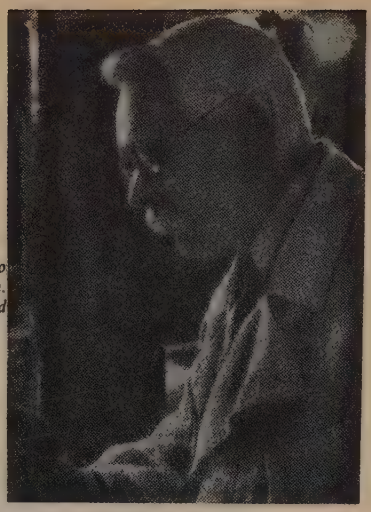
short, all disadvantages of the rule of a sacrosanct majority—where quick decisions and command is imperative. This is not theory. This is my experience. I watched carefully the various State Theatres in Paris, Berlin, Vienna, Budapest—and in all these cities the private theatres were better. Without comparison better.

My 'Permanent Theatre' is quite a different proposition—different from the Old Vic and the repertory theatres too. It is simply this:

(*a*) To rent a West-end theatre for a year or several years and to produce there plays in continuity at least for nine months yearly. I see no reason against being extravagant in a dream—so I would rent the Haymarket or the Lyric Theatre with an option from year to year and would guarantee nine months every year; in the other two or three months the theatre would be closed.

(*b*) With this lease secured, to engage a permanent company: fifteen to twenty actors and actresses, at the Permanent Theatre's disposal for the whole year. Since we are not living on the moon, certain months must be reserved for film-work; but except for this limited time (probably in summer) the company will give all its strength and all its talents to our theatre. I have discussed this matter with many actors—unknown ones as well as small stars and big stars—and everybody, literally everybody acknowledged the immense attraction of this plan. Everyone would gladly accept such a contract—which would mean a leading part in one play and a small part in the next one.

(*c*) Now we have (in my dream) a very popular theatre with a first-rate stage and a magnificent and happy company. Naturally we have too the best designers, stage-managers, electricians, staff for the stage, and for the 'front of the house'. By offering contracts to everybody for a year we can choose without real competition. The whole miracle is very simple—as miracles usually are. We should abolish the dreadful phrase 'for the run of the play' with the ridiculous guarantee of a fortnight, and a new chapter of the London stage could start.



Y. Gremislavsky, Hero of Labour, make-up man. Granted order of the Red Banner of Labour

From the artistic point of view the advantages are obvious—I hope even to laymen. Improvisation is dangerous in the theatre; it means risks and failures; in the long run defeat. Careful preparations, on the other hand, pave the way: to beauty on the stage, to triumphs in the auditorium, to excellent takings in the box-office. We have the best proof, but not the only proof, in the whole past of the Moscow Arts Theatre. And one day we will have a still better proof in the whole future of the London

BERNARD SHAW THEATRE

How can we explain why it is that not only Russia and Germany, but also small countries like Hungary, Rumania, Yugoslavia, have had permanent theatres for many decades or longer, and yet the country which gave mankind the greatest genius of the stage for all ages—Shakespeare—has not one single Permanent Theatre? And how can we explain why,

in the country which gave us the greatest living genius of the stage—Bernard Shaw—a foreigner advocates for the first time a Bernard Shaw Theatre?

I am not prepared to answer the two questions above. But I try to find the reply to the more important one: How could we start the Bernard Shaw Theatre? If possible, immediately?

First of all, I would ask Shaw to grant us an option every year for three or four of his plays, which are free for the next season. I think he would agree—as long as our theatre guarantees 150 to 200 performances yearly, an excellent cast and pays the usual royalties punctually.

Now with the best possible *repertoire* in our desk, everything else is child's play. We have only to advertise—not too modestly!—that September next the Bernard Shaw Theatre will be opened and is going to produce in the first year the following three Shaw plays and eventually a fourth one by Priestley or Williams or a newcomer. In the cast are the following stars. (I do not intend to give away secrets to the enemy—too early!) Tickets cost no more than in other West-end theatres, with a 20 to 25 per cent reduction for all who are willing to see all four of our productions.

We need 1,000 people for one packed house. The capacity of the Haymarket is 1,076. This means 8,000 for a whole week with the usual six evening performances and two matinées. Running a play for ten weeks we need 80,000 people to have *packed houses for all performances*. This is less than one per cent of the London population.

Less than one per cent of the London population!

Only for security's sake we need some capital too. Not too much. Certainly not as much as the expense of this war for five minutes. The Bernard Shaw Theatre should be launched with not less than thirty thousand and not more than fifty thousand pounds.

I was always an optimist. I wrote my memoirs with the title: *The First Fifty Years*. Supposing that several more fifty years should follow?

I have remained an optimist—even in spite of Hitler. So I am confident that sooner or later my dream will come true.

FINAL SCENE OF THE 'ENEMIES', *by Gorki, in the Moscow Arts Theatre.*
'Levshin: " We have lived in darkness and iniquity. But enough! Now we have ourselves become a flame and you cannot extinguish us. You cannot extinguish us by fear, you cannot!"'

THE epidemic, among its many victims, claimed none more highly placed and more universally lamented than the eldest son of the Prince of Wales, who died, after a brief attack of influenza, on January 14th, at the age of twenty-eight. The Duke of Clarence, to give 'Prince Eddy' his formal title, was to have been married before Lent to Princess May, and the sudden blow which substituted a funeral for a wedding came home to the common heart. The young man was his mother's favourite son; the Princess of Wales idolised him, and those who know her best are most uneasy as to the consequences of this sudden bereavement. Her hearing does not improve, and the loss of her first-born is not unlikely to lead her to take a more active part in the Court, where the presence of a good woman and a true mother is indispensable. The universal expression of sympathy with the Royal Family and with Princess May in their affliction was very remarkable. In London, on the funeral day, more than half the shops were shut in the City. The theatres closed themselves without waiting for a recommendation when the news of the Duke's death was announced; they were also closed on the night of the funeral. Immense crowds filled St. Paul's and the Abbey. For days the newspapers could find room for nothing else but details of the business of the undertaker and of the arrival and despatch of messages or messengers of condolence and sympathy. The dramatic value of the sudden death of one who was preparing to go forth as a bridegroom to his bride fascinated the imagination of the public, and what Mr. Price Hughes called the 'tenderheartedness' of the nation came conspicuously to the surface.

A CURIOUS move has been made by the representatives of the Roman Church in France, the true significance of which is not yet clearly discerned. Five French Cardinals published a manifesto in which they declared their allegiance to the Republic and filed a bill of indictment against its anti-clerical legislation. Opinion differs as to whether this was due to the Pope or was an attempt to checkmate the Pope; whether it was a blow directed against the Republic or an intimation of a desire for a reconciliation with the Republic. It can be taken to mean either the one thing or the other, according to the wishes of those who interpret it. What seems probable is that the Catholics of France are beginning to feel that they may assert themselves more actively if they separate the religious question from the dynastic, and play for their own hand without regard to the wishes of their Monarchical allies. The strength of the Church in France, however, will never be fully developed until the Catholic Church recognises the civic rights of women. Then France may be Catholic once more, but until then these attempts at *rapprochement* are not likely to make much progress.

THE German Emperor, who has just completed his thirty-third birthday, has been pushing forward two Bills which have created no small dismay on the part of easy-going German Freethinkers and Beer-drinkers. The one is directed to the vigorous treatment of drunkenness, the other to the extermination of all secular elementary schools. No Prussian child, if the Emperor can help it, is to be brought up without religious belief. Denominational schooling is to be universal. The fight is still going on over these two Bills, and it will be interesting to see what result is arrived at. There is no doubt that the young Emperor is trying it on rather hard, and it will be well if he does not provoke a somewhat angry reaction. The question of education is a very thorny one. It is troubling Mr. Balfour and his Ulster supporters in Ireland, and in America it threatens to be a great question for the future. There, however, Archbishop Ireland believes he has discovered a middle way by which the claims of the Church and the rights of the State can be reconciled.

The Egoist

Reviewed by CLEMENCE DANE

'The most entertaining novel in the English language' is Clemence Dane's verdict on The Egoist. *Whether or not we share that view, her article is a refreshing reminder of a novelist too little read nowadays*

'WHAT is your favourite novel?'

Since the early 'nineties and its lilac-bound Confession Albums (who, or what, is your favourite poet— song — flower — scent — motto —animal—composer—so on and so forth) I have been asked that question dozens of times, and according to my year and mood have given it as many answers.

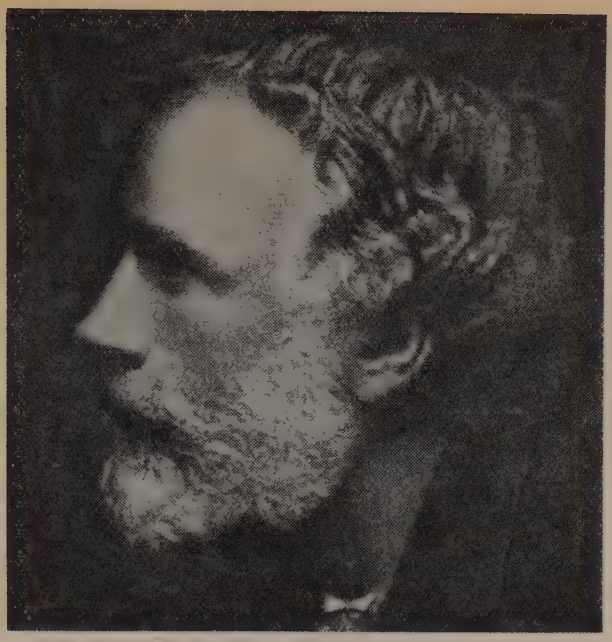
Kim, Persuasion, Our Mutual Friend, Little Women, Mr. Polly, Huckleberry Finn, Figures of Earth, Villette, Victory, The Worm Ouroborus, The Shaving of Shagpat, Something About Eve, Amadis of Gaul, Evelina, and *Pilgrim's Progress,* each in turn has been the favourite, if by a favourite book you mean, as I do, a book read and re-read until you can take it with you on a train journey inside your head and read it in comfort without ever having to delve in your suitcase.

In that inner ring of my favourites *The Egoist* has, however, first place, if only because it is the hardest to memorise and possess. I have read it as much as the others, but I cannot turn it on in my head as easily. Probably the style is the reason. Most books one gets by ear, inner ear; but Meredith is one of those writers for whom one has to exercise a visual memory. One guesses that Meredith never wrote *aloud*, either in verse or prose, but always judged his paragraph by its look upon the paper rather than by its ring in his ear. Meredith's prose is packed with metaphor and simile. It is a style designed to appeal to the *visual* imagination of the reader. It is fierce, irregular, majestic, eccentric: the sentences and paragraphs are the peaks of the Himalayas dancing together. This style needs for enjoyment the closest visual attention. It also needs a strong feeling for prose movement, a keen delight in taste, scent and colour recalled by the *look* of laden sentences; but it asks little or nothing of the ear. Meredith's style is too full of consonants to please the ear.

I say 'Meredith's style', but perhaps I should narrow down this comment to 'Meredith's style in *The Egoist*', for though I have read all the Meredith novels at one time or another, I should not care to stand an examination on any one except *The Tale of Chloe, Shagpat, Richard Feverel, The Case of General Opie and Lady Camper,* or—and—*The Egoist.* But I have read *The Egoist* I don't know how many dozen times, and always with fresh pleasure in its convolvuline style, so perfectly suited to the theme.

The Egoist is a comedy. But my copy runs to 626 pages of thirty-five lines, with an average of eleven words to the line—except in the duologues, which are clipped thorn-hedges. The book then is something of a volume. Two hundred thousand close-packed words form no slight entertainment, and truly to enjoy it a certain effort is asked of the modern reader.

You can *buy* your entrance into this enchanting world of *The Egoist*, a world packed with characters and eccentrics, an English world of changeable summer weather, rich country houses, park lands, 'the County', wealth, ease, good eating, good drinking, good breeding, and endless leisure. You will watch a comedy excellently produced and dressed, for Meredith was a connoisseur of women's clothes. One of his praises of his heroine runs: 'She had the wonderful art of dressing to suit the season and the sky.' While you read you will be in a constant flurry of



GEORGE MEREDITH

laughter, smiling, chuckling, guffawing, shrugging, though always ending with the rueful shrug which means 'there but for the grace of God go I!'.

But you can buy this ticket of admission to Meredith's peepshow with one coin, and one coin only—attention! He demands the whole of you while you read—the whole, at least, of your brains. But does he also ask your heart of you? Not more than a writer of satire should. Never forget that this novel is one of the great angers, the comment of a revolutionary and a genius on the Victorian age.

On a first greeting it may well be that you will reject *The Egoist* as being too near farce. You will protest that Meredith's creatures agonise over situations which strike you as having no relation to life as you know it.

And you will be right. Meredith is not writing of life as you know it today, though he is writing of people as you know them today. *The Egoist* is a comedy, and suffers, as all high comedy must, from the fact that it deals with the habits and customs of mankind, and that these changes date. Tragedy has the easier job. Tragedy deals with man's emotions in relation to God and the universe. Tragic emotions—hate, love, hunger, despair, are universal and enduring. But comedy deals with human passions in relation to taboos, and the Victorian taboos are long since overthrown.

Therefore, to get one's full pleasure and profit out of this famous novel one must, for the time being, accept certain Victorian conventions of behaviour as eternal laws. Rather than break these laws, people were prepared to break their lives. Remember Christina Rossetti's two broken engagements and the reason! Remember what Florence Nightingale had to go through, even after she was one of the most famous figures in England, when it became a question of her giving evidence before a Commission! Consider the state of the marriage laws, and remember that the average well-bred Victorian woman had to accept a position in life so hedged about with false modesties that the women of today find it hard to be sympathetic even with her struggles. Yet to enjoy *The Egoist* the reader *must*, temporarily, be sympathetic; he must make himself accept an entirely false set of social values as true values for the people of the tale. Meredith is the forerunner of Shaw. He foretells and incites the emancipation of women.

Now to the story. The 'egoist' is Sir Willoughby Patterne, a country gentleman, the owner of a fine estate, handsome, with charm, very attractive to women. He lives in feudal state, with quantities of servants and an adoring mother and aunts, and is on the best of terms with the leaders of the county. He retains in his sphere of influence his cousin, Vernon Whitford, a scholar, the real hero of the book. One of his closest friends is a wonderful Victorian dowager

of immense wit and distinction, Mrs. Mountstuart Jenkinson. At his park gates lives a certain Mr. Dale, who has a pretty daughter, Lætitia, who is madly in love with Sir Willoughby

The story occupies about six weeks of a bygone Victorian summer. It tells the story of how Sir Willoughby Patterne, in the course of those six weeks, was gradually divested of his glorious legend, and from being the petty sun-king of the County, ended as the Emperor without any Clothes. For Sir Willoughby, already jilted by one discerning young woman, is unlucky enough to fall in love with the enchanting Clara Middleton. This 'Mountain Echo', as poor Whitford calls her, though Mrs. Mountstuart prefers 'a rogue in porcelain', is the daughter of a certain learned Doctor Middleton, and inherits her father's wit and brains. But she is very young and is 'rushed' into an engagement by Willoughby. However, she soon begins to find out that he is a supreme egoist, and is brought to such a pitch of distaste and boredom that though her wedding dress is ordered she tries to break her engagement. Then she finds herself battling not merely against Sir Willoughby, but against the whole force of Victorian public opinion. Her struggles, the rather cruel comedy of a butterfly working free of its pin before it is irrevocably clamped to the board, form the plot of the book, which is, of course, a study not merely of egoism in one man, but of egoism in all mankind. The poor girl Letty, whom Willoughby has jilted out of sheer vanity, develops her own form of egoism. Dr. Middleton is shown in his passion for Old Wine and Old Books. Mrs. Mountstuart has the egoism of the successful hostess; the Irish Colonel is a lady killer. In fact, the only two people who come out of the turmoil unscathed are Vernon Whitford, the poor scholar, who rescues the 'Mountain Echo', and his enchanting pupil, young Crossjoy, one of the merriest and dearest small boys in all literature.

The plot is far more complicated than I have indicated, and part of the reader's fun lies in unravelling its many threads. But the book's value, charm and perpetual life is no matter of plot. Its charm lies in its extraordinary knowledge of human nature, its astringent way with the follies of an age and the sexes, its glorious bouts of conversation, its lovely descriptive passages, its humour, its originality, and above all its verbal wit.

In fact, with the exception of *Emma*, I'd call it the most entertaining novel in the English language.

ART FRONT

United Artists—Royal Academy

The Exhibition, which is in aid of the Duke of Gloucester's Red Cross and St. John Fund, is an amalgamation of twenty-seven art societies. An enormous number of paintings have been hung, and although much encouragement must have been given to many young and little known artists the result is necessarily haphazard and unsatisfactory. There is a fearful welter of styles, a meaningless diversity based upon technicalities and personal mannerism. Between good pictures there are always vital connecting links, and here there are not enough good pictures to go round.

'Les Chardons' (No. 65), by L. Pissarro, painted with such enviable detachment and calm, is an example of traditionalism at its best and, while it lacks the dynamic qualities of more powerful temperaments, we are thankful for anything so perfectly balanced in composition, colour and execution. 'The Seine near Vetheuil' (No. 86), by P. H. Jowett, is original in colour, and the fine movement of the design bears the mark of carefully considered utterance.

Lawrence Gowing's already familiar 'Julia Strachey' is among the best of the portraits. It has so much breadth and distinction and is so lacking in any element of incidental flourish that one recognises instantly the presence of an unusually acute intelligence. The effect, however, is somehow a little dry and thin, possibly his energies are becoming too finely canalised by this faculty of conscious analysis.

There are good paintings by Paul Nash, K. Rowntree and Carel Weight, 'Standon Village', by E. Le Bas, is very beautiful in colour, and R. Eurich's 'Solent Fort' has an unusual quality of imagination.

Among the water colours 'Last Supper' (No. 386), by Betty Swanwick, is a design which interests me enormously; it was clearly executed at a moment of violently heightened emotion. The rectangle formed by the chain of burning vermilion wine glasses is a splendid, passionately felt, invention: they appear to be filled with blood of a Saviour already crucified, each hand grasps the stem in intense exultancy.

'Damaged Lift Shafts in the City' (No. 193), by V. Pitchforth, and 'Bucklebury Oaks' (No. 235), by T. Hennell, are both fine water colours.

The Exhibition remains open until March 7th.

MICHAEL ROTHENSTEIN

Twenty-six Soldiers of Lead

The printing trade has been badly hit by the war, with graver and more far-reaching consequences than most of us realise. No one is better qualified to explain the situation than Mr. Herbert Simon of The Curwen Press, printers of WORLD REVIEW

PRINTING from movable type was first introduced in Germany in 1454 and within less than thirty-five years it had spread throughout the countries of Europe. The first printing press to be set up in England was in 1477. Printing is, therefore, an old trade and its organisation to this day is in many ways eloquent of its ancient lineage. Few printing establishments can claim, by modern measurement, to qualify as large-scale enterprises, but, in the aggregate, the industry is a large one and before the war, according to the census of production prepared by the Board of Trade, was bigger than the chemical industry.

Since the beginning of the century, printing has become more and more mechanised and highly specialised. This experience has been common to most manufactures and is, of course, the result of the remarkable growth of the engineering industry. This industry can be said to date from the founding of the firm of Boulton & Watt in 1794: in the course of a hundred years the vitality and ingenuity of the engineering firms was so fruitful that it completely transformed the technical side of British industry. The equipment available to printers has provided opportunity for tremendous advances in technique, and with these advances has come the inevitable specialisation.

There are now three distinct groups within the trade: the newspaper printers, the printers of magazines and books and the numerous firms turning out what is known as general jobwork. It is true that their functions and class of output overlap but, in general, the divisions are clearly discernible. There are, in addition to these groups, the establishments who do practically nothing else but bind books. The bookbinders are a very important section—the finishing section—of the trade, and again the engineers have put at their disposal mechanical aids which have had a profound influence on the growth of book publishing.

Having sketched out very briefly the structure of the printing trade, inquiry must now be made as to the effect the war has had, and is having, upon it. Obviously, only observable changes can be discussed and no forecast of what further influences the war may have in the future can be profitably entertained.

Since the beginning of the war the trade has had to face the most astonishing vicissitudes: its experiences will provide highly interesting material for some future industrial historian. As will be seen later, the printing industry has suffered in turn from a shortage of orders, a shortage of raw material, a shortage of skilled craftsmen and finally, through the activities of the Luftwaffe, a shortage of machinery. But few printers have ever had an easy industrial life and it may be supposed this hard schooling in commercial life is standing them in good stead as the storms of economic change break over them.

What, first of all, has happened to the jobwork printers, numerically the largest section of the trade but least important in the field of book production? They were the first to feel the chill wind of a nation turning from a peacetime to a war economy. They were accustomed to produce a bewildering variety of printed matter—luggage labels and race cards, letterpaper and sales pamphlets, rent books and election literature—in fact everything that required printing, but not the bulk of magazines and books, and certainly not daily newspapers. The demand for all this miscellaneous work fell enormously at the outbreak of the war. What use was there now for travel literature, cruising brochures, engineering catalogues and other similar products? Engineers were large users of catalogues and technical pamphlets, but in most cases they had turned over to war production and their activities have had to submit to a veil of secrecy for the duration of the war. Whilst the 'phoney war' was being fought the jobwork printers had little prospect of doing anything more than trying to keep themselves from going out of business. The demand for jobwork continued to diminish and at first this part of the trade felt themselves little affected by the rationing of paper. It must have seemed to many that there was little likelihood of even their existing stocks being used up. The transfer of skilled men to munitions and to the armed forces came as a relief which seemed then almost providential. Unemployment rapidly declined and more and more craftsmen were taken to dig trenches and put up barbed wire or find an outlet for their skill on capstan lathes and the machine tools of the metal industry. The destruction of a large number of printing works during the air raids of the winter of 1940 and the spring of 1941 created a sudden shortage of productive capacity, and it was then realised how many men and women had left the printing trade. To those who were fortunate enough to escape destruction there came a new demand—a demand which could not always be fulfilled.

The experience of the bookwork and magazine section has been very different from that of the jobwork printers. After an initial period of uncertainty at the beginning of the war, the demand for books and magazines increased enormously. But certain factors have arisen which make it impossible for the printing and publishing trade to meet the vigorous and growing appetite of the reading public. We are here, of course, concerned with physical production and can leave others to consider the effect of war on the authors and illustrators. The chief cause of the inability to satisfy demand is an acute shortage of paper and binding materials. Before the war almost all the raw material required for papermaking came from the forests of Scandinavia and the esparto grass crop of North Africa. The invasion of Norway and the entry of Italy into the war cut off at once these sources of supply. Consequently the papermakers are now forced to rely on home-grown straw and the collection of waste-paper for their raw material.

The public is well aware of the fact that paper is now a scarce and valuable commodity, which is strictly rationed and controlled by the Ministry of Supply. A stage has now been reached which allows publishers of periodicals about twenty per cent of their pre-war usage, and publishers of books about forty per cent. Clearly this sets a very severe limit to production and has had the odd effect of a 'best-seller', causing grave anxiety to the 'lucky' publisher. This inevitable cutting down of quantity would at first glance seem to place the printers of books and periodicals in a poor position, but two other factors have intervened. The continuous drain of skilled operatives has deprived the trade of its former productive capacity and the expected surplus machinery has disappeared under the cruel blows which the trade has suffered in air raids. In London and in many great provincial centres the destruction to premises has been grievous, and the amount of plant (much of it highly specialised) which has been lost is enormous. No steel can be allotted now for the manufacture of printing machinery, so that the reduced potential of output will remain a problem for many years to come.

The printing plants have not suffered alone; their misfortunes have been shared by the bookbinders, publishers and booksellers. London has always been the centre of Britain's book trade: other cities have been customers for London's

vast stores. It is true that most books are printed in the provinces but they nearly all came to London in the form of flat sheets to be bound and stocked. This extreme centralisation proved disastrous. On the night of 29th December 1940 millions of books were destroyed and many of the firms that bound them perished too. Furthermore, there was a vast destruction of unbound (flat sheet) books at neighbouring warehouses. It has already been explained that bookbinders are equipped with most elaborate machinery and the loss of almost a third of it has created a bottleneck in production which will continue to cause a lower volume of possible output for a long period after the war. It is a situation to which those responsible for production and distribution are rapidly adjusting themselves, but come what may, it is going to mean short commons for educational authorities, specialised readers and the reading public in general.

What will the situation be after the war? It is difficult to forecast as more destruction may yet be wrought. It does, however, seem clear enough that the volume of production will continue to fall far short of demand. Moreover, unless there is some form of planning, different kinds of printing will be competing with each other. How much machinery, for example, can be used for periodicals and bookwork, and how much for engineering catalogues and advertisers' pamphlets? There may again be paper in plenty, but this will be of little avail as long as there is a scarcity of printing and bookbinding plant. In the post-war world it would be a disgraceful thing if the school-leaving age were not raised to sixteen or over. This would necessitate an enormous extra output of educational books, and it may be necessary for the Government to apply an 'essential works' order to ensure that this type of book production is given the priority it deserves from purely social considerations. Whatever the future has in store, there is evidence in the present trials that the printing trade will be conscious of its responsibilities and will make every effort to meet the legitimate demands that our publishers and commerce in general have to make. Can twenty-six soldiers of lead re-conquer the world?

THE SHIP AND THE SHORE

By Vicki Baum. *Bles.* 8s.

Miss Baum has done it again—a perfect film story with a cargo boat instead of 'Grand Hotel', bashful Danish planter, Dutch millionaire and his independent daughter, drunkard ship's doctor —we can see Mr. Mitchell in the part—little gold-digger with a heart of gold, and the usual assortment of people who are just as two-dimensional as the figures on the silver screen. Yet Miss Baum can write and can suggest atmosphere deftly. One day she may even write a novel which is not a perfect film story. P. T.

THE SQUIRE OF SHAFTESBURY AVENUE

By Vivian Connell. *Constable.* 8s. 6d.

A lusty story of London's theatreland and of a successful commercial actor who has to return to the country, become—nearly—M.F.H. and meet a girl who is on her way from the country to the stage, before he finds his real self. There is a lot of fun and fornication in Mr. Connell's book, and he knows his Shaftesbury Avenue well. We liked Julia, who turns a moody young Hamlet into a full-blooded male and who enjoys her hour of passion with a coalman, perhaps best of all the characters. P. T.

CORN IN EGYPT

By Warwick Deeping. *Cassell.* 9s.

This umpteenth novel of Mr. Deeping is just as neat, well-written and enjoyable as *Sorrell and Son.* It is a tale of a young townsman turning farmer and there is a good deal about farming in it which may seem to be superfluous to the impatient reader and yet belongs organically to the book Phillida and Grant deserve their happiness even if the ending of the book is bittersweet and the war stalks into it with a tragic shadow. P. T.

HUNGER ALLOWS NO CHOICE

By Robert Westerby. *Methuen.* 8s.

Just as in Mr. Deeping's book, the war forms the background of the second half of the story; but Mr. Westerby is much more grimly realistic and his ending even a bitterer sweet. His hero is a North Country boy who rises from the mine through a disaster into journalism. The two women in his life are very dissimilar—one is nasty and the other an American, very nice indeed. A queer, tortured novel which has some remarkable chapters about life in the Navy and one or two startling impressions of America. P. T.

UNDER THE IRON HEEL

By Lars Moens. *Hale.* 12s. 6d.

If I told the Scandinavian-American research chemist Lars Moen that he had the making of a first-class journalist he might be astonished. Yet in all the wide array of topical literature there are few books comparable in 'news value' with his inside report on conditions in Nazi-occupied Belgium and France. The analytical mind of the scientist takes an important share, however, in presenting such news: Moen is unbiased to a degree all but painful to readers involved in a death-struggle with Hitler's field-greys, in whom Moen discovers human traits, despite mass-bombing, mowing down of civilians, shooting of women and children and whatnot. He stayed with the Germans until permitted, in October 1940, to go back to America, by way of an instructive 'conducted tour' through France, Spain and Portugal, and he observed and questioned them cleverly and closely. Their faith in the Fuehrer, their criticism of his unworthy lieutenants, their conviction of an early triumphant victory over Britain, their queerly twisted minds poisoned by Goebbels and the O.K.W.; conflicting opinion amongst the Belgians themselves, curious proofs of human adaptability to the most unpleasant and unforeseen conditions—all this is brought home in a factual and simple way.

There is more in Moen's 80,000 words: chapter and verse to explain the Allied breakdown in the Low Countries; material about that queer mixture, German efficiency in preparation, and haphazard, sometimes helpless improvisation in unexpected situations; details about last year's frustrated invasion; Continental opinion, pleasant and unpleasant, about Britain and U.S.A., and the likely outcome of this war; significant single items supporting that opinion, and human interest stories aplenty. Some are gruesome, some pleasant, some shattering. Shattering above all for complacency, for all those who still do not realise the full extent of our danger and of the unique nature of Hitler's war machine, and who trust in some mysterious law making Britain always victorious in the long run. Let them read Lars Moen!

E. S. R.

COUNTRY MOODS AND TENSES

By Edith Olivier. *Batsford.* 8s. 6d.

The 'life, background and psychology of country people at the present time' is the subject of this beautifully produced and sensitively written new Batsford book. There are five 'moods' of the English countryside and the individual chapters deal with 'the lie of the land', 'country nights', the weather, birds, beasts and insects, road-books and milestones, the past, literary pilgrimages, buying and selling, public work, country women, mumming and pageantry, and country pursuits. One of the author's most sensible conclusions reads: 'Heaven forbid . . . that we should replan our country as if we expected only a repetition of what we are now going through . . . these great cities are in themselves like an east wind. They are neither good for man nor beast. . . .'

P. T.

WE HAVE A FUTURE

By Norman Thomas. Princeton University Press. *Humphrey Milford.* 15s. 6d.

Norman Thomas, the leader of American Socialism, reaffirms his faith in social progress. Though unsuccessful as a candidate for the Presidency, the governorship of New York State and the mayoralty of New York City several times, Mr. Thomas represents a sturdy and important minority in the U.S.A., and his book has many interesting things to say about America 'as it might be in contrast to what I fear it may become'.

P. T.

'This has an even happier ending!'
CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR

'I just can't help thinking about the fines at that lending library.' S. R. L.

A GIBBET FOR MYSELF

By Averil Mackenzie-Grieve. *Hutchinson.* 8s. 6d.

This sensitive story of rising Fascism in Italy is marred greatly by an over-precious style and some haphazard characters. Yet it is, perhaps, the best English novel written on Mussolini's Italy, and some of the figures in it are so lifelike that they can awake violent antipathy. P. T.

A SURGEON EXPLAINS

By M. Benmosché, M.D. *Stanley Paul.* 16s.

In these days when any one of us may be called upon to perform life-saving first-aid operations, Dr. Benmosché's book is most timely. Free from any scientific jargon it explains the mysteries of surgery and at the same time gives much practical advice on how to deal with emergency cases. There are numerous, most enlightening diagrams by Bhola D. Panth. P. T.

HANGOVER SQUARE

By Patrick Hamilton. *Constable.* 8s. 6d.

A story about schizophrenia and Darkest Earl's Court in the year 1939. This exciting book is far more than a thriller; it is in effect a social history of the dizzy twelvemonth prior to the outbreak of war. Yet the reader is carried along by the author's powers as a storyteller. The unheroic hero, enslaved and duped by the girl Netta, is pathetic, helpless and English; while she is horrid, wicked (yes, really wicked in the Victorian sense), and very, very English. They are, in a sense, types (though Mr. Hamilton is too skilful a writer to allow them to degenerate into types), and as one turns the last page with a shudder, one hopes that the days of the formidable, by-passing, pub crawling blonde are over, though as an old habitué of Earl's Court I doubt it. J. H. E.

THRILLS GALORE

The last few weeks have produced an unusually good crop of thrillers and detective stories. Now when history produces almost ready-made material, our writers of popular fiction are taking time by the forelock. Manning Coles has already gained considerable repute with two thrillers. His *They Tell No Tales* (*Hodder & Stoughton*, 8s. 6d.) is chiefly remarkable because his secret service hero is just as human and lifelike as his villains, who include a hairdresser, a wine-merchant and a formidable blonde (who is not as fair as she seems). There is a pretty red herring in the tale which concerns naval sabotage before the outbreak of the war. Woosnam Mills has also written a pre-blitz story in *Shadow Crusade* (*Hodder & Stoughton*, 8s. 6d.) about blind Sir John Howden, who goes to Holland in order to outwit the Nazis and has some thrilling adventures. His disability is skilfully handled and though his exploits end in a failure one is left with the desire to hear more about him and his 'Crusaders'. After the *W Plan* and the *K Code Plan* Graham Seton presents *The V Plan* (*Eyre & Spottiswoode*, 8s.), which is more of a 'wish-dream' than a thriller. Colonel Duncan Grant is getting on in years but has still a powerful brain and possesses remarkable foresight about the collapse of France. A German General Staff Officer, who is a painting genius, and a Channel Tunnel made conveniently possible by various startling inventions gives some originality to a not too exciting tale. The author would be well advised to keep away from the topic of love. *A Kiss for a Killer* (*Jarrolds*, 7s. 6d.) is strong meat indeed—about a gangster's 'moll' who has the 'Big Shot' killed in order to take over the gang herself. Virile American slang and an unbroken series of horrors makes this a good antidote to any blackout blues. Dennis Wheatley has written a rather disappointing book in *The Sword of Fate* (*Hutchinson*, 9s. 6d.). He, too, is better at writing about the supernatural and the criminal than about love. Julian Day is back, getting involved with some of his old opponents, losing Daphne, the lovely Italo-Greek girl rather unfairly in the last chapter. Large chunks of war communiqués and descriptions of strategy seem to have strayed into the book by accident, but stayed there stubbornly to obstruct the story. In this field, however, Mr. Wheatley has some very shrewd points to make. However, the book is too long and sketchy. P. T

IS INNOCENCE ENOUGH?

By D. W. Brogan. *Hamish Hamilton.* 7s. 6d.

This is an examination of some of the major political illusions of the past, and, to quote the blurb, 'a plea for knowledge and objective thinking as opposed to ignorance, wishful thinking and prejudice'. As a series of essays in destructive political criticism the effect of this book is sufficiently devastating. In the short space of two hundred pages Professor Brogan succeeds in treading on a great many people's toes, frequently with every justification. The chapters entitled 'The Communist Trap' and 'Anti-Broadbent Abroad' are particularly rampageous. Yet this is a scholar's book and it will delight those who love to make explosive scribblings in the margin. To read it is undoubtedly a chastening experience, but the general effect is one of movement without getting any place.

J. H. E.

CHARTIST PORTRAITS

By G. D. H. Cole. *Macmillan.* 15s.

Professor Cole is just as brilliant an historian as an economist or detective story author. In his latest book he has selected twelve eminent Chartists, and through their lives has shown the social background and importance of this powerful movement. The Lives of Lovett, Stephens, Oastler, Attwood, Frost, Sturge, Cooper and the others, show how social consciousness was awakening in England, and the long struggle leading to our contemporary social reforms was started. One introductory essay is especially brilliant, analysing 'hunger and hatred', the forces that 'made Chartism a mass movement of the British working class'.

P. T.

'Today I start my new novel. Who's got a good idea?'

SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE

TOTAL VICTORY

By Stephen King-Hall. *Faber & Faber.* 7s. 6d.

Starting from the premise that the object of war is that of making the enemy change his mind. Commander Stephen King-Hall here elaborates in some detail a plan to achieve that object in the shortest possible time. The essence of the plan is to intensify political warfare against the Nazis by appealing to the German people over the heads of the German Government. With characteristic courage the author sets out this message in the clearest terms, which is unfortunately too long to reproduce here. He analyses at length the strategic, military, economic and psychological situation at length, and his conclusion is that unless we attack on the psychological front on the lines he suggests the outlook is far from rosy. All discussions of this kind boil down sooner or later to one's attitude to the German people. If you believe that they are barbarians beyond hope of redemption—at least not until after a crushing military defeat has been inflicted upon them and only then after many years of re-education—then the author's plans spring from a sentimental delusion. But if you believe that eighty million people, or even half that number, cannot live only for war and conquest, then you will look upon Commander Stephen King-Hall as a very practical man. And, incidentally, it is noteworthy that Mr. William Shirer (whose *Berlin Diary* is reviewed elsewhere in this issue) asserts that the German people are completely apathetic about the war and desire nothing more than a conclusion to hostilities—provided of course that does not mean another Versailles or worse. This does not sound like a race of supermen lusting for nothing but battle. *Total Victory* deserves the closest attention of everyone who wants to see Europe saved from years of bloodshed, destruction and totalitarianism as a result of which there can be no real victory for either side.

J. H. E.

FRENCHMAN'S CREEK

By Daphne du Maurier. *Gollancz.* 8s.

This period novel by the author of *Rebecca* is sufficiently colourful and romantic to beat the blackout. Tersely and vividly written, much of the book reads almost like a film scenario and no doubt one of these days we shall be seeing it in glorious technicolour.

J. H. E.

EUROPE AND THE GERMAN QUESTION

By F. W. Foerster. *George Allen & Unwin.* 16s.

This work by a distinguished German scholar is hardly for the general reader, but to the serious student of international affairs and especially of Germany, the enigma, it makes stimulating reading. The basic theme is an analysis of Germany's true mission in Europe—to be, not the overlord, but the bond of union with neighbouring nations, not the Teuton tyrant but the partner of the Slavs. At the same time the book is a crushing indictment of German power politics, the general conclusion being: 'Nothing seems to me more improbable than that, within any calculable future, Germany will again be called to be the *centre* and the *leading power* of the European federation. There must be a *translatio imperii*. The day of the Slavs is dawning. Other peoples must take over what Germany, the scarecrow of armed power, has refused. Germany must no longer rule. She must serve. This reversal of position will prove her cure and her regeneration.' The argument is the more compelling in that the style is restrained and there is a wealth of documentary evidence. The author, himself at one time a noted pacifist, is at pains to draw attention to the dangers of pacifism, and in this he is right if pacifists are the men of big business who desire peace to line their pockets, or politicians who have taken a fancy to Fascism, or more sentimental idealists. But unfortunately now when there is a general desire to produce scapegoats to bear responsibility for the war, the pacifist, the true pacifist, is the first to suffer for advocating a line of action that was never tried, not the false pacifist who, now comfortably entrenched in Whitehall for the duration, is loudest in declaring that war must be waged till complete victory is won. Professor Foerster himself is apparently convinced that, this being an iron age, we must live according to its laws. But what no one should forget, especially politicians and writers, wise after the event (and the author was wise long before the event—the Kaiser imprisoned him in 1895 for teaching contrary to the official line) is that prolonged war in its effects will be worse even than the disease it seeks to cure, for it will inevitably produce such conditions of totalitarian anarchy everywhere that any kind of European order will be impossible for generations. Professor Foerster is, therefore, right in insisting that both now and at the peace the human will must be subjected to God's will, that 'whatever external order may now be imposed upon those forces of anarchy, the external and spiritual power of the Christian religion must interiorise, complete and firmly anchor it in the supernatural order. Only the City of God can uphold and foster the earthly city.' J. H. E.

BERLIN DIARY

By William I. Shirer. *Hamish Hamilton.* 12s. 6d.

The journal of an American foreign correspondent in Berlin from 1934 to 1941. The first part, dealing with events up to the outbreak of war, has been written up and rewritten up by scores of newspaper men, and it scarcely seems worth while doing it again, especially as Mr. Shirer has nothing new or enlightening to say. Much more interesting is the second part, dealing with wartime Berlin, for the author is a shrewd observer. The book, however, is too long and the parts that make the book valuable come at too great intervals. One wonders when the gentlemen of the Press (in this case the radio) will turn to books devoted exclusively to objective reporting and remember that the lives of foreign correspondents tend to run according to pattern. J. H. E.

SOCIAL WELFARE IN THE CATHOLIC CHURCH

By Marguerite T. Boylan. Columbia University Press. *Humphrey Milford.* 20s.

We are apt to forget in the midst of war that there is still a great deal of misery in the world not caused by Hitler. The charity traditions of the Catholic Church have deep roots, and the 22,000,000 Roman Catholics in the U.S.A. have kept these traditions well alive. In this splendid volume the executive secretary of the Catholic Charities Diocese of Brooklyn describes the social work of her Church, and at the same time presents a deeply revealing picture of America's social, moral and economic problems. P. T.

'An artistic jacket, Mr. Ploom, but it doesn't quite express the book.' S. R. I.

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TO-DAY IS MINE

By Marjorie Bowen. *Hutchinson.* 8s. 6d.

Miss Bowen makes a pleasing and thrilling addition to her long list of historical novels. It is an account, in the language of the day, of the struggle between James II, Louis XIV and William of Orange; of the romance between Honor Conway and Edmund Tornier, who leaves the pay of the French to take up the cause of William and Mary. P. G.

THE SOVIET FIGHTING FORCES

By Major A. S. Hooper. *Muller.* 1s.

A useful and up-to-date little book covering the past of the Red Army from 1917 right to the present war, with well-weighed judgments on its efficiency and fighting powers. The author quite evidently has first-hand information on the subject. P. T.

COMRADE GENIA

The story of a victim of German bestiality in Russia told by herself. Preface by Ronald Scarfe. *Nicholson & Watson.* 3s. 6d.

A horror story which rings true—even if Comrade Genia's fate was rather more terrible than any Grand Guignol author could devise. Whether all Germans are beasts we leave to Lord Vansittart to decide, but those in this exciting book certainly were. 141 pages of thrills, rapes and murders with a great deal of authentic background staff. In places the style is mawkish. P. T.

CURRENT PROBLEMS

In this topical series of the *Cambridge University Press*, edited by Ernest Barker, there are two interesting volumes, *Politics and Law in the United States*, by D. W. Brogan, and *Foundations and the Future of International Law*, by P. H. Winfield (both 3s. 6d.). The former deals with the Constitution, the Parties, President and Congress, and the political rôle of the Supreme Court, while the latter describes the part international law plays in peace and war alike. The second part, which gives many interesting sidelights on the legal position of enemy persons, enemy property, occupation of enemy territory, capture at sea, restrictions of warfare, and spies, is especially topical and fascinating. There are chapters on neutrality and the future of international law.

REVIEWERS IN THIS ISSUE

P. T.	=	Paul Tabori
E. S. R.	=	Edgar Stern-Rubarth
J. H. E.	=	James Harold Eastwood
P. G.	=	Pauline Gordon

WITHOUT MALICE

JEERS

Well-meaning but infantile Americans who still try to appease the selfsame Vichy which, by giving up Indo-China to Japan, made Japan's attack possible;

the super-Blimps who protest against the return of innocent Austrian and German refugees from Australia;

Germans in this country who try to out-Vansittart the noble lord himself in their wholesale condemnation of eighty million people.

CHEERS

The American Outpost in Britain—whose work was crowned with success when they least expected it;

H. G. Wells for proving that he can still write a better novel than most men half his age;

the organisers of the National Gallery lunch hour concerts for bringing music into our drab wartime lives.

INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE

The British Red Cross sends weekly a ten-pound box of food to each of the 44,000 British soldiers in German prison camps.

The equipment of a modern soldier weighs about fifteen to forty pounds more than the armour worn by the knights of the Middle Ages.

There are about two thousand holders of Royal Warrants, ranging from jewellers and automobile manufacturers to the chimney sweep of Windsor Castle.

More than 2,200 English words are compounds and combinations beginning with 'over'.

The territory occupied by Japan after more than four years of war contains less than ten per cent of the Chinese population.

For the past seventy-three years the state of Gondal in India, ruled by the Maharaja of Bhagvatsinhji, has been absolutely free of taxation.

GUIDANCE TO COMMUNIQUÉ WRITERS

We would welcome a solemn vow that you will never use again:

'complete agreement has been reached . . .'

'enemy pressure increasing. . . .'

'our lines are being reorganised. . . .'

'greatly outnumbered yet valiant. . . .'

'the enemy possesses the advantage of surprise. . . .'

'fires could be seen umpteen miles away. . . .'

WORDS IN THE WIND

'A great man is always willing to be little.'—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

'She spoke nine languages but could never remember the word for "No" in any of them.'—Anon.

'The fact is, a woman abandons her opinion as soon as her husband adopts it. Even in church, the women sing the tunes an octave higher than the men that they may differ from them in all things.'—Jean-Paul Richter.

'Complaint is the largest tribute heaven receives, and the sincere part of our devotion.'—Dean Swift.

'Nothing can shock a brave man but dullness.'—Thoreau.

P. T.

Cross-Section

A REVIEW OF THE WORLD'S PRESS

Music in Russia

MUSIC and dancing are a heritage of the Russian people. Fine performances of these arts and of drama are given in Moscow theatres, especially the Bolshoi Theatre. . . . Low admission prices are charged workers and students. The famous royal tier of seats in the big opera house of Moscow, in which the wealth and nobility of Russia once ensconced itself, presents a different sight these days. There are no beautiful evening wraps, bare shoulders, or glittering jewels among Russian audiences. . . .

Russian audiences are never bored with performances in their theatres or with meetings of any kind. They sit through every presentation, from a splendid portrayal of *Carmen* at the big Moscow theatre, to a crude exhibition in a little peasant village staged by local talent, ready to weep at pathos, hold their breath in danger, or roar with laughter at jokes.

Between the acts people parade the foyers as is done in opera houses the world over. An interesting and conglomerate assemblage of humans pass in review; American specialists with their wives, others with Russian girls, students, workmen, Party leaders and members, Government officers and clerks, army officers and soldiers, and foreign diplomats, make up audiences. Only visitors to the Soviet Union are well dressed.

GEORGE A. BURRELL
in 'An American Engineer Looks at Russia'.

Russian Proverbs

To defend yourself against a thief, a stick; to defend yourself against a Tchinovnik (official), a rouble.

A man without a wife is like a man in winter without a fur bonnet.

The greatest King must at last be put to bed with a shovel.

The burden is light on the shoulder of another.

Pray to God, but keep rowing to the shore.

The wolf asked the goat to dinner, but the goat respectfully declined.

Make thyself a sheep, and the wolf is ready.

Honour on his tongue, but ice under it.

A fox sleeps, but counts hens in his dreams.

An empty stomach has no ears.

Russia's Navy

THE Navy which Hitler was keenest to secure was the Russian Far Eastern Fleet. Had he been successful, this would have sounded the alarm for Japan to make an immediate entry into the War. This has not been the case and never will be, for should the Russian Armies be driven even so far as the Urals Russia will still be fighting and her Far Eastern Fleet will still hold the balance of naval power in the Pacific. All hopes have now faded that the extremely efficient Japanese Navy could possibly tilt its lance efficiently at the combined naval forces of Great Britain, the United States of America and the Commonwealth of Australia. The Soviet, in addition to various destroyers and other naval vessels, is reported to have over two hundred modern sea-going submarines stationed at the naval base of Vladivostok. These submarines lurking in the waters of the Japanese seas would prove an everlasting nightmare; in fact a crushing one to the Japanese Navy and Mercantile Marine, and no matter how confident any egotistical admiral may be, that nightmare will be a perpetual cooler to his mind.

British Malaya

War and Peace?

DETERMINED action by the staff of the Leo Tolstoy Museum in the Khamovniki district of Moscow prevented the historic house from being destroyed during a recent air raid.

The small house, in which Leo Tolstoy lived and worked for twenty years, stands in a leafy garden. The house and furniture have been preserved as they were in the writer's lifetime. It was here that Tolstoy wrote such works as *Resurrection, Hadji Murat* and *The Death of Ivan Ilyich.*

During the attack, numerous incendiary bombs dropped around the building. The houses surrounding the museum were set on fire, but the devoted work of the staff in extinguishing the bombs and preventing the fire from spreading saved the Tolstoy home.

Soviet War News

Another illusion lost

IVAN IV, sixteenth-century Tsar who is known to history as 'Ivan the Terrible', has been put in the good graces of the Soviets by an article in the Government newspaper, *Izvestia*, praising his 'glorious deeds of state'.

The article was written by V. Kostylieff, who has just concluded a novel called *Moscow on the March*, portraying Ivan's times.

Mr. Kostylieff declared 'false ideas about the personality and activity of Ivan IV were cultivated among the masses.'

'Only the dark side of his private life served as the theme of previous works about him,' he wrote.

'Centralisation of the state was carried on strictly by Ivan IV, consolidating peoples and forces,' he added. 'Indeed, this union of Russia played a great historical role, and neither Poland, Sweden, the Tartars nor Turkey ever succeeded in dismembering Russia, although they tried to do so.'

Ivan, Kostylieff continued, was the first Tsar to develop the defence of the borders as well as trade and justice, and he thus won the sympathy of the people and justified the assassination of his own son, whom Kostylieff called a traitor.

He spoke of Ivan's 'far-sighted foreign policy' even while acknowledging that he was 'superstitious' and cruel when anyone stood in his way.

These traits, however, were characteristic of Ivan's period, the author says.

Associated Press

Schicklgruber I, Czar of All the Russias
ARTHUR SZYK

Fall in, fire fighters!

WEATHERING demolition bombs is one thing, but coming through a shower of fire bombs while standing on a roof-top and holding a bucket of sand in one hand, a bucket of water in the other is something else. When the boys from Berlin decided to concentrate on the district of the city where I was, it was like being caught in a north-easter off the Grand Banks without oilskins.

Fire bombs whistled downward, growing louder and louder all the time, until you thought it was a Florida hurricane coming toward you. My chauffeur, who can speak reasonable wordage of English under most circumstances, began shouting at me in Russian. That took my mind off the fire bombs for a few moments, and I yelled at him to talk in English.

'Par Anglisky, par Anglisky,' he yelled back at me, indicating, I suppose, that it was purely a Russian situation and no time to practise English.

Several hours afterward, when things had returned to normal, he told me that he was trying to tell me to dunk the fire bombs in a bucket of water if possible and use sand only as a last resort.

Shrapnel was all this time zinging down, hitting the tin roof and making you wonder where the next splinter of steel would land. I had on a tin hat and I had ordered my chauffeur to wear a small sandbag on top of his head. He had tied the bag on top of his head with a big strip of white cloth and looked as if he were suffering from a misplaced toothache.

All this time the pending arrival of fire bombs didn't go unnoticed. Whistles by them would have waked up Rip Van Winkle. We had no time then to see what was happening elsewhere, because two fire bombs had landed on the roof and one in the garden, four floors below. We dunked bombs in water buckets and scampered over the roof looking to see if we had missed any. My chauffeur, shouting something in Russian, dashed down to the garden and buried a bomb under a bucket of sand.

I had a chance then to look around me. It seemed as if other people were doing the same thing we had been doing. The white glare of bombs was pinched off by scores all around on roof-tops, in streets and elsewhere. Some were hard to get to and took several minutes to put out. In the meantime, some of the white, brilliant glows turned to orange. Then, after a few minutes, red flames

shot upward. We could hear people clanking over tin roofs all around us. Several times some shouts were heard as fire brigades were given orders. Shrapnel began coming down in a renewed shower as anti-aircraft guns let go at German planes cruising overhead, trying to pick spots for demolition bombs.

ERSKINE CALDWELL
in the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*

Tovarish Perfect Gentleman

LATE in 1927, Moscow sent to Japan Mr. Alexandre Trojanovsky as Ambassador. I can hardly recall any foreign diplomat who won the heart of Tokyo so promptly and kept it over a number of years as this Soviet envoy did. He lavished on the table tasty zakuska, priceless ikra and all imaginable kinds of Russian wine and food. Dinners at the Soviet Embassy were the talk of the town, and the envy of other embassies. Added to his unstinted hospitality, Ambassador Trojanovsky was all in all a perfect gentleman. Everybody liked him. There was nothing about him which made us feel justified in our horrors of Communism. At least, we found in him just the reverse of what we had expected in a leader of Red Russia. Our picture of an arch spy, subtle instigator of internal strife, and thoroughly unscrupulous go-getter of the proletarian type looked ridiculous as we came to know the Ambassador better.

He stood well with Tokyo journalists in particular. Some of us were frequent guests at his dinner parties. Mr. Trojanovsky seemed to set little barrier of official reticence when he took up with us, for instance, such pending issues of those days as the fishery disputes, which he called a 'chronic nuisance'. On his government's proposal for a non-Aggression Pact, however, he was significantly mum. We knew that above all else Moscow sought to make up with Japan by signing some such basic agreement and that the main reason of Mr. Trojanovsky's expensive existence in Tokyo was to get it. In 1933, he was replaced by Mr. Constantin Urenev, who, in the opinion of Moscow, was just the man to deal with Tokyo with no kid gloves on. Some show of force would probably secure what moral suasion and reason had failed to achieve, calculated Moscow. In course of time, Ambassador Urenev, too, was recalled, leaving his major objective as remote from realisation as ever.

Oriental Affairs

Can He Stop? (of course he couldn't)
NORTH CHINA HERALD

The Amazing Soviets

ONE of the greatest surprises of the present war has been the prolonged Soviet resistance to the German invasion. The explanation of this resistance, I think, must be found in four factors which were not adequately appreciated when the war began.

1. Intensive indoctrination with Communist ideas stimulates in the Soviet youth the same kind of fanaticism that intensive indoctrination with Nazi ideas produces in the Nazi youth. It is the younger generation in both the dictatorships that is most under the influence of official propaganda, that is the least disposed to criticise and doubt. And it is the young men who make the best soldiers.

2. The Soviet Union was the first country to prepare for modern war, to concentrate on the production of tanks and airplanes. Just because the Revolution represented such a complete break with the past, the new rough-hewn leaders of the Red Army were not obsessed, like the cultivated veteran Generals of the French General Staff, with outmoded conceptions of warfare.

Unlike Germany, the Soviet Union was never subjected to armament limitations. It consequently had a much longer period of time in which to prepare its armadas of airplanes and its hosts of mechanised weapons.

3. The Soviet Union is on a permanent war economy basis. Every country engaged in

modern war ultimately approaches a system where the State controls everything, from the distribution of labour to the allocations of raw materials, with the sole purpose of stepping-up the output of implements of war to the highest possible level.

But the change-over from peace to war methods is inevitably slower and more painful in a democratic, individualistic country, where businessmen wish to make the usual profits, and labour clamours for higher wages, and the consumer resents curtailment of his customary needs than it is in a dictatorship.

4. The vast size and huge population of the Soviet Union make a Blitzkrieg, such as the Germans carried out against the relatively tiny countries of Europe, much more difficult. The Soviet Union is approximately forty times the size of France. Its population of 170,000,000 exceeds that of all European countries which Hitler conquered separately.

W. H. CHAMBERLAIN
in the *Christian Science Monitor*

'Careful, men—this may be some sort of trick!'
ESQUIRE

Performing Their Duty

WHEN Private Bruno Starke returned home to Leipzig on short leave from the Eastern front, he discovered that his wife had been assigned by the local Nazi authorities to the so-called 'Legal Mating Centre' in the town and compelled to submit to Storm Trooper Waldemar Moss. Starke killed Moss.

Brought to trial in the Leipzig 'Popular Court', charged with murder, Starke admitted that he had avenged his wife.

The Court sentenced Starke to death. The name of Waldemar Moss has been placed on the list of those who died 'while performing their duty'.

Soviet War News

Country air and exercise instead of a stuffy office and crowded 'buses . . .

She's one of the people who may no longer need

'SANATOGEN'
Regd. Trade Mark

Nerve-Tonic Food

YOUR POCKET AND MINE

TWENTY YEARS' TRADING—1921 to 1941

PERIOD.	MONETARY CAUSES. (Bank of England and/or Treasury.)			EFFECTS ON TRADE.	
	Broad Policy.	Action Taken.	Reason.	General Effect.	Changes in Wholesale Price Level.
1921–23	Drastic deflation ..	High Bank rate. Big reduction in money supply	Preparations for return to gold and 'pre-war normality'	The great slump ..	39 per cent fall
1923–25	Mild inflation ..	Slight increase in money supply	Deflation overdone. Need for reducing unemployment	Brief respite ..	11 per cent rise
1925–29	Steady deflation ..	All-round restriction of currency and credit	Gold standard: Preoccupation with international exchanges and foreign lending	Unsettled conditions	20 per cent fall
1929–32	Frantic deflation ..	High Bank rate. Supply of money heavily reduced	Vain attempts to 'save' gold standard. Demand for gold far greater than supply	Cataclysmic and chronic depression. Prices below 1913 level	47 per cent fall
1932–37	Gradual inflation .. ('Reflation')	Low Bank rate. Money supply greatly increased	Raising prices. Restoration of credit (confidence)	Slow and partial restoration of confidence (credit)	51 per cent rise
1937–38	Temporary deflation	A reduction in the quantity of money	American deflation: Sterling under dollar control by Tripartite Agreement of 1936	Sudden and disastrous recession	30 per cent fall
1938–39	Selective inflation ..	Tripartite Agreement abandoned. More credit for arms industries	Financing rearmament.	Slight recovery ..	13 per cent rise
1939–41	Controlled inflation	Vast creation of credit coupled with wartime controls	Financing the war ..	Effective demand. Prices restored to 1929 level	58 per cent rise

The Draper's Record.

It may happen again

In 1923 I sent a book on which I had worked a year to my publisher in Leipzig. I asked for an advance royalty on 10,000 copies. During the four days between the arrival and the cashing of the cheque, the sum became of less value than the stamps I had used to mail my manuscript. The result of a whole year's work was lost in four days—lost to that mad witch-dance of numbers, the German-Austrian currency inflation.

The same year people dropped as much money into the ragged hat of a beggar as the entire Rothschild family possessed at the time of their greatest wealth. At one time a single egg cost four milliard of marks, more than the whole budget of a country of sixty millions. To replace a broken window-pane was more expensive than the four-storey house itself had been during the previous week. All that had once been money was now merely paper on which meaningless numbers were printed. Wealth became rubbish.

This fantastic inflation by which the German Government rid itself of its postwar obligations is now an old story. But at the time none of us could grasp the immensity of the fraud. All we realised was that money grotesquely declined in value.

In the old Austria, money had given light-heartedness, comfort and security to all my family. It had given even more: public respect, a good reputation. Wealth displayed the special talents and virtues of persons who had accumulated it; a rich man walked differently from a poor one, more erect, more self-confident.

Then came the war of 1914. At first money was still the old servant, doing obediently what it was told to do. But gradually the currency began to run, to stumble. From 1919 on it melted from hour to hour, like butter in the sun. We woke one morning to find half the family fortune

had disappeared like a horse from a stable, without anyone having so much as touched it. The inflation had stolen it. By evening we possessed only half of the half.

In the morning we bought a paper costing 30,000 marks; the evening paper was 50,000; and next day's was 100,000. Bank notes appeared, of a size we had never seen before, a million marks. Everyone was a millionaire—but only momentarily, for a week later his million had lost its value and he had to pay with milliards. Engulfed in this madness, we tried in vain to count and calculate. The collapse of money at such crazy speed outdistanced thinking.

Today, when I look back on this time, the strangest phenomenon of all—and one which I shall never forget—is that my personal life and the lives of innumerable other people continued almost undisturbed. To be sure, this was a most difficult period for the poor. But outwardly we noticed no decisive change in Berlin or Vienna. The will to continuity in the vital processes of life proved stronger than the failure of money. Trains were overcrowded; the mail arrived punctually; the baker baked his bread; the peasant ploughed his land; children were conceived and born; everyone followed his profession, his inclinations, his talents as before. As for myself, I worked as well as ever, possibly better, with more intensity.

I can no longer explain how I raised the fabulous sums then necessary to pay for one lunch. But I did raise them, as did others. In losing money we never lost courage or the joy of living. Instead, the more money lost its value, the more did the lasting values of life—work, love, friendship, art and nature—gain importance. Boys and girls walked in the mountains, returning sunburned and gay; dance halls were overcrowded; new business enterprises, factories, houses, appeared. Poets and composers went on creating, and never did we listen more gratefully or with greater attention—because through the disloyalty of money the soul had recognised the things that had remained loyal, doubling its effort to preserve and defend these values.

Never shall I forget paying for tickets at the Vienna opera with a bundle of notes which once would have sufficed for three years of comfortable life. We huddled together in our overcoats, for the opera house was unheated because of the coal shortage. Then suddenly the conductor lifted his baton—and all was glory. The musicians played and the singers sang as never before; and we listened with a passion hitherto unknown to us. Never before, never since have I experienced a more perfect performance than on that day of extreme insecurity.

The insane death-dance of money lasted in Austria and Germany for three years before the currency was stabilised. Then once again the old order of stable prices returned. But what for me has never returned is the old relationship toward money. Its magic has irrevocably disappeared. Once for all I realised that its power is not inextricably bound up with our innermost lives, as I had once believed.

STEFAN ZWEIG

Christian Science Monitor

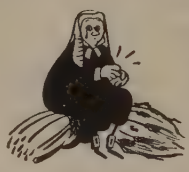
You can't fight against Nature

EXASPERATED by repeated challenges of his statement to a House Committee that reasonable progress was being made in national defence, William S. Knudsen finally summed up the situation thus: 'You see, gentlemen, it's like this. Despite your modern hospitals and anæsthetics, despite your obstetricians and psychiatrists, despite all your advancements in research, medicine and science—it still takes nine months!'

ADRIEN J. FALK
in *San Francisco Chronicle*

THE LIVELY ARTS

BEING A *WORLD REVIEW* GUIDE TO STAGE AND SCREEN

	Players	*Plot*	*Verdict*	
TITLE *Sundown* PRODUCTION *United Artists*	Gene Tierney, Bruce Cabot, George Sanders, Harry Carey, Joseph Calleia and Sir Cedric Hardwicke	Gun-running on the Abyssinian borders, complicated by mysterious girl. Plenty of camels, caves, caravans. Moral ending		Sorry, Sir Cedric, but your sermon was like a cold douche to our enjoyment of an exciting story
TITLE *Shors* PRODUCTION *Gaumont British in association with Soviet War News Agency*	A. Samoilov, I. Skuratov	War: the Ukraine in 1919, when the Germans were driven out		Some magnificent shots of snow and harvest, battles and swift action. Very moving, with perfect sense of comedy in grim tragedy
TITLE *The Pitsburgh Kid* PRODUCTION *Republic-British Lion*	Billy Conn, Jean Parker	Boxer almost ensnared by blonde wins world title through devoted love of brunette		My God, not again!
TITLE *New York Town* PRODUCTION *Paramount*	Fred MacMurray, Mary Martin, Robert Preston, Akim Tamiroff	Poor sidewalk photographer gets girl in the end before wealthy playboy marries her		Someone has been reading a book in Hollywood
TITLE *The Man who Came to Dinner* AUTHORS *George Kaufman—Moss Hart* DIRECTOR *Marcel Varnel* THEATRE *Savoy*	Robert Morley, Coral Browne, Mary Alice Collins, Edward Cooper, Hugh McDermott, Laura Smithson, Jerry Verno	Mr. Woolcott (or almost) behaves outrageously in a wheel-chair but repents in end of his wickedness		Grand, merciless satire on half a dozen international celebrities, superb direction and acting
TITLE *Birth of the Blues* PRODUCTION *Paramount* DIRECTOR *Victor Schertzinger*	Bing Crosby, Mary Martin, Brian Donlevy, Rochester	New Orleans boy makes good with blues		Tuneful, but inconsequential

	Players	Plot	Verdict
TITLE *The Morning Star* AUTHOR *Emlyn Williams* THEATRE *Globe*	Gladys Henson, Elliot Mason, Angela Baddeley, Frederick Lloyd, Roddy Hughes, Ambrosine Phillpotts, Walter Piers and the author	Blitz teaches brilliant doctor value of good wife and self-sacrifice in medicine	Moving, smooth, rich in humanity —but why drag in a baby at the end?
TITLE *Old Acquaintance* AUTHOR *John Van Druten* THEATRE *Apollo*	Edith Evans, Muriel Pavlow, Marian Spencer, Alice Gachet, Lilian Christine, Ronald Ward, Ian Maclean	Two middle-aged women share uneasily profession, husband, daughter and lover. Losing the last three, they turn happily enough to friendship	Though sensitively handled, it remains a thin plot, with trailing, untidy ends
TITLE *Peter Pan* AUTHOR *J. M. Barrie* THEATRE *Adelphi*	Barbara Mullen, Alistair Sim, Joan Greenwood, Zena Dare	You ought to know	Acted with flourish and relish. Intervals too long
TITLE *Banana Ridge* PRODUCTION *Columbia*	Alfred Drayton, Robertson Hare, Nora Pilbeam	Young man has too many possible fathers until he finds genuine one and love	Oh calamity!
TITLE *The Rich Bride* PRODUCTION *Gaumont-British-Soviet War News*	Marina Ladinina, Ivan Lyubeznov, Boris Bezgin	Marina discovers that a shock tractor driver is better than a scheming book-keeper	Lusty propaganda
TITLE *Here Comes Mr. Jordan* PRODUCTION *Columbia*	Robert Montgomery, James Gleason, Claude Rains, E. E. Horton	Prize - fighter swaps bodies twice before happy ending	Though echoes of *Liliom* plain, an unusual and well-acted film
TITLE *Dumbo* PRODUCTION *Walt Disney* THEATRE *New Gallery*	Dumbo, Timothy Mouse, Mrs. Jumbo, the Crows, Casey Jr., and many others	Big-eared little elephant makes very good	Disney at his brilliant best

THE FUNNY SIDE

Good Record

A LETTER received by a Yorkshire toy retailer from a relative in the Forces makes mention of an inscription to be seen on a wooden notice marking the resting place of a particularly lively mule. Here it is:

'In memory of Peggy, who in her lifetime kicked
1 general,
2 colonels,
4 majors,
10 captains,
24 lieutenants,
42 sergeants,
60 corporals,
436 other ranks, and (significant final line!)
1 bomb.'

Games and Toys

All your troubles ended

COME to me. I guarantee to cure you! Great Indian Physician. Who—has within twenty years cured 50,000 patients suffering from chronic and dangerous diseases. He has got many certificates, diploma and Gold Medal; comes of a family which has been practising this profession for 700 years from generation to generation, who is a specialist in all kinds of chronic and long standing diseases. Fatal diseases pertaining to liver, lungs, heart, stomach and debility, etc., are cured without operation with guarantee. N.B.—Send 1¼ anna stamp for reply. Consulting hours 8 a.m. to 12 noon and 4 p.m. to 8 p.m. Dr. Hakim M. A. Najam, 1/149, Broadway, Madras.

Advertisement in the Calcutta *Statesman*

No Painless Extraction

LESLIE HENSON tells an amusing story of a Negro preacher warning his flock that the full fury of hell would be unleashed on them unless they repented.

'Dere will be much weepin', wailin' and gnashin' of teeth,' said the preacher. At that moment one of the congregation interrupted: 'But, preacher, Ah got no teeth.'

'Ycu will not escape,' was the reply, 'for de Lawd will give you hell on the gums!'

Psychic News

Hopeless Quest

HAVING hired a taxicab to take him in the blackout to a restaurant which he had not visited before, a hungry man walked into the building outside of which he was set down.

In a dimly lit corridor he was asked for his pass. 'I will show you my pass, certainly, but why should I have to show a pass when all I want is a meal?'

'Meal, sir?' said his challenger. 'You won't get a meal here. This is the Ministry of Food.'

Daily Telegraph

First, Second and Third Aid

WELLINGTON (N.Z.), Saturday—The earnest young women of the Christchurch Auxiliary Ambulance Service were summoned to the aid of a 'casualty'. They bandaged him, lifted him gently, then they fumbled and dropped him.

The fall broke his leg.

Calmly equal to the emergency, the young women called the St. John Ambulance Brigade, placed the casualty on a stretcher, and slid him carefully into the ambulance—but not quite far enough.

They slammed the door, which struck the patient on the head and gave him concussion.

The young women then decided to continue their lessons.—*Sydney (Australia) Sun.*

A little more training and they can be turned loose against the enemy.

The New Yorker

Anatomy

A SCHOOLBOY who was asked to define anatomy wrote his answer as follows:

'Anatomy is the human body, which consists of three parts: the head, the chist and the stummick. The head contains the eyes and brains (if any). The chist contains the lungs and a piece of liver. The stummick is devoted to the bowels, of which there are five—a, e, i, o, u, and sometimes y and w.'

The Mitre, Toronto

CORRESPONDENCE CROSS-SECTION

An Argument with Mr. Steed

My attention has been directed to Henry Wickham Steed's article in your current issue. If he is 'the greatest living expert (British) on the Balkans and Danubian countries' it's no wonder England is in trouble today over them and has such wrong conceptions concerning them.

W. S.'s book, *The Habsburg Monarchy*, written before the war, is good. His later writings suffer greatly from war propaganda fervour. He was active in disseminating propaganda during 1915–18, propaganda which was highly instrumental in breaking up the Habsburg State. An echo of the falsehoods sponsored by W. S. at this time appears in the letter of a Miss Hirsch in your Correspondence Section. Since the war W. S. seems to have concerned himself principally with endeavouring to justify his mistaken attitude and opinions concerning the Danubian regions. Necessarily he has had to resort to further misrepresentations. Some of these appear in the article in your magazine.

'When Serbia regained her independence in the Russo-Turkish War of 1877, two of the Turkish Yugoslav provinces which had formerly belonged to the Serbian Empire were handed over to . . . Austria-Hungary.'

Apart from the fact that Serbian independence was regained prior to the date mentioned, and merely confirmed by the war of 1877–78 and the subsequent Austro-Serb Treaty of 1880 by which Austria used her influence to secure the recognition of the principality of Serbia as a full-fledged independent kingdom, the provinces referred to, obviously Bosnia and Herzegovina, were not a part of the mediæval Serbian Empire, and survived the fall of that state by some time. Bosnia and Herzegovina were independent states, no more parts of Serbia than Scotland was of England in the Middle Ages.

W. S.'s suggestion that the Dalmatian visionary, Supilo, was prosecuted by the Hungarians at German, i.e. Austrian (one wonders sometimes if he knows the difference) instigation is really ridiculous, and an exposé of the validity of the 'greatest British expert' claim. If the Austrians had suggested such a thing, the Magyars doubtless would have made a hero out of Supilo, just to show their independence of Vienna. Vienna's attempts to intervene on behalf of the Croatians, who were governed from Budapest, met with little success as the Hungarians conducted affairs in their half of the Monarchy in total, and frequently explicit, defiance of Austria's desires.

Concerning the forgeries referred to, the truth about these is known now, and there is no excuse for W. S. trying to justify his past mistaken opinions in the matter. For a complete account of the Agram Treason Trials I refer you to *Beginning the Twentieth Century*, by Professor Swain of the University of Illinois.

W. S. is typical of the Englishmen who, in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, sympathised with the irredentist ambitions of Italy. Once Italy had achieved the break-up of the Habsburg Empire, she began to make the same sort of trouble for France and England that she had formerly made for Austria under encouragement from London and Paris. Today England may regard Italy as of only nuisance value, but the Italian Army and Navy are very likely to stage a come-back that will prove staggering to those who view Italy as finished.

'The key problem of South-eastern Europe' will be a problem no more when the Serbs acquiesce in the right of the other Danubian nations to manage their own affairs. Specifically this refers to Habsburg Restoration.

England's failure to perceive that Pan-Germanism can be checked only at its source, Austria, is criminal. W. S.'s naive idea that a revived Little Entente allied with Poland can check it is just wearisome. Had England supported Austrian independence, which necessitates Habsburg Sovereignty, as she has supported such fly-by-nights as the Czech and Serb Empires, she would in the first place have prevented war, or, if recognising the significance of the Austrian problem only after the outbreak of hostilities, would be well on the way to beating Hitler now.

Let Austria revolt, and the entire Nazi edifice collapses. But the Austrians will not revolt in order to permit that they be regimented from Prague and Belgrade instead of Berlin.

So long as the opinions of Henry Wickham Steed are accepted as the expression of English policy on Danubia, that region has nothing to hope for from an English victory.

S. W. GOULD,
University of Chicago, U.S.A.

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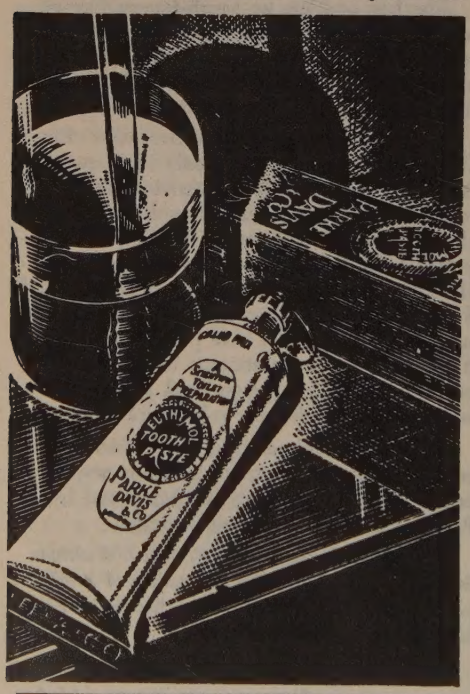

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